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The Cairn

THE CAIRN.

L. Nicolas, Sarah (Davidson)

THE CAIRN

A GATHERING OF PRECIOUS STONES FROM MANY HANDS.

LONDON:
GEORGE BELL, 186, FLEET STREET.
1846.

GIFT

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TO THE READER.

MY "Cairn" is principally raised by the hands of many friends whose honoured names are now with the dead, whose kind sympathies have cheered my checquered existence, and whose intercourse has often corrected and enlightened my mind, leading it to seek in occupation a refuge from painful feeling. These contributions, together with original thoughts, and the gleanings of my own reading, I presume to offer to the public; with the hope that where criticism finds ample cause to condemn, my acknowledged weakness may plead for indulgence. Several pages bear the record of

M597665

memories associated with those dear to me, and of events long past. I presume to believe, that the perusal of the "Cairn," cannot injure, and may not fruitlessly occupy or amuse an idle hour.

A Soldier's Daughter.

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THE CAIRN

A GATHERING OF PRECIOUS STONES FROM MANY HANDS.

Joy.

JOY paints with its own colours every act and thought. The *happy* do not feel poverty, for delight is a gold tissued robe, and crowns them with priceless gems. Enjoyment plays the cook to their homely fare, and mingles intoxication with their simple drink. Joy strews the hard couch with roses, and makes labour ease. Sorrow doubles the burthen to the beaten down, plants thorns in the unyielding pillow, mingles gall with water, adds saltness to their bitter bread, clothing them in rags and strewing ashes on their bare heads. To our irremediable distress every small and petty inconvenience comes with added force. We sink beneath the additional feather chance throws on us; The grass-hopper is a burthen.

Purgatory.

ANNE of Austria, queen of Louis XIII. was extremely delicate in all that concerned the care of her person; it was scarcely possible to find lawn or cambric sufficiently fine for her use. Cardinal Mazarin used to say that her punishment in purgatory would be, her being obliged to sleep in Holland sheets!

The recollection of a Mother.

IT is ever thus, whenever I am unhappy I bring distant and impossible events together, I turn to the thought of you, my Mother, for comfort, and I feel that *you are not*, that on earth you can never be again, that all my grief, and all my love, multiplied a thousand fold, could not recall you for one little hour; and I wish again for you, my blessed Mother, as though but just snatched from me. Time, they say, lessens grief. Yes, its constancy, not its intensity; it may give us even long intervals of peace and happiness, but when grief does return, it is strong and keen and deep as ever. How indeed can regret for such a loss be lessened? Can the thought of a Mother's love, such a love as mine bore me, ever lose its charm, its influence? Not, I am sure, even when the reality is lost; what it *was* to me, so it *is*. Perishable things alone lose their value. Time withers flowers, but does not dim the diamond; and shall love for the being

who gave us birth, the only real emanation of the Deity, that burns within us, perish as a passion of the earth? Can what is ethereal change its nature, as grosser substances? the eternal become mortal, the infinite be bounded, and what is born of the soul know death? Never!

Anecdote of Cardinal d'Estrée.

"CÆSAR bishop of Laon and Cardinal d'Estrées, son of the first Marshall of France of that name, was employed in various negotiations with the Princes of Italy; but is now more remembered for his courtier-like reply to Louis XIV. That Monarch one day at dinner complained of having lost all his teeth. 'And who is there, Sire, that has any teeth?' said the Cardinal (Sire, qui est-ce qui a des dents?). What made the flattery the more ludicrously gross was, that the Cardinal, though an old man, had remarkably fine teeth and showed them very much whenever he opened his mouth."

Churchyard at Pisa.

THE Church yard at *Pisa* is surrounded by a superb Portico, and contains earth impregnated with alkali, or calcareous salts, which reduces the dead bodies to ashes in twenty four hours.

An Advertisement.

WHEREAS Frances wife of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Vane, has for some months past absented herself from her husband, and the rest of her friends :—I do hereby promise to any person, or persons who shall discover where the said Lady Vane* is concealed, to me, or to Francis Harwes, Esq. her father, so that either of us may come to the speech of her, the sum of £100, as a reward to be paid by me on demand at my lodgings in Piccadilly. I do also promise, the name of the person, who shall make such discovery shall be concealed if desired. Any person concealing or lodging her after this advertisement shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour; or if her Ladyship will return to me, she may depend upon being kindly received. She is about twenty two years of age, tall, well shaped, has light brown hair, is fair complexioned, and has her upper teeth placed in an irregular manner. She had on when she absented a red damask French Lacque, and was attended by a French woman who speaks very bad English.

VANE.

January the 24th. 1737.

* Lady Vane was the Lady of fashion whose adventures form so interesting an episode in "Peregrine Pickle."

Delicacy of Feeling.

THE best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures: but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

On a Tablet in the South Aisle of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Inscription.

WITHIN the walls of this Church was deposited the body of the great Sir Walter Raleigh Kt. on the day he was beheaded in the old Palace yard Westminster Oct. 18th. 1618.

Reader, should you reflect on his errors, remember his many virtues, and that he was a mortal.

Alienation from Society.

A WOMAN must have either a very good or a very bad conscience, to find happiness in a complete alienation from society.

Poverty.

OH Poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune, among the many bitter ingredients that thou hast in thy most bitter cup, thou hast not one so insupportably bitter, as that which brings us in close and hourly contact with the earthen ware and huckaback beings of the nether world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to, but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity, is a species of *moral ipecacuanha*, enough to destroy any comfort.

Athéisme impossible.

SI l'impiété pouvait se comprendre, ce serait au sein des grandes villes où il ne reste presque plus rien de ce que Dieu a fait, où on ne voit pas le Ciel. Mais en présence des grandes colères de l'océan, l'homme se trouve à chaque instant dans des situations telles que la puissance de tous les hommes réunis n'en pourrait sauver un seul. Peut-on oublier Dieu, peut-on croire que les fleurs n'ont été inventées que pour être jetées au théâtre à des danseuses en sueur?—

Calumny.

MONTESQUIEU says, I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

Temper.

WHEN moralists, religionists, and philosophers of all sorts, set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to fearful crimes, they overlook one little cause of suffering which blights more happiness, and neutralises a greater portion of God's bounteous favours, than all the heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight is often found, where every thing like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the highest virtues flourish. All may exist, with a *sour temper!*

Set forms of expression inserted for imitation, by Edward Philips, a nephew of Milton's.

Forms of expression.

YOU are the miracle of friendship.
You are the usurer of fame.
My genius and yours are friends.
I will unrip my very bosom to you.
My tongue speaks the freedom of my heart.
Sure winter dwells upon your lip, the snow is not more cold.
The sun never met the summer with more joy.
It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

You are a white enchantress, lady, you can enchain me with a smile.

Her name like some celestial fire quickens my spirit.

Midnight would blush at this.

There's music in her smiles.

I will, like the perfumed winde, sport with your hair.

Report could never have a sweeter air to fly in, than your breath.

Would I were secretary to your thoughts.

You walk in artificial clouds, and bathe your silver limbs in wanton dalliance.

An Answer to Vanity.

IN the reign of Louis XIV. the citizens of Pau had petitioned the King for leave to place a statue of "Henri quatre" in the market place of this his native town. The only reply which the vain monarch condescended to make was to send them his own statue. Of course obedience was imperative, but in erecting the statue of Louis the XIV. they inscribed on the pedestal, "This is the grandson of our good Henri."*

Woman's pride.

THE *Pride* of woman, natural to her, never sleeps till *modesty* is gone.

* Celui-ci est le petit fils de notre bon Henri.

"Parliament Heel."

WHAT satire can be more pointed than the term applied by seamen when desirous of ascertaining the rottenness of a ship's lower timbers, or detecting her unsoundness, they give her what they call a "*Parliament heel.*"

From the Persian by Sir William Jones.

On a new-born child.

ON Parent knee, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smil'd,
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Pleas'd thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

Speech of Mr. Cuffe, Secretary to the Earl of Essex, who was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the same offence that brought his master to the block.

Speech of Mr. Cuffe.

"I AM here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course; accusers must be heard; greatness will have the victory; scholars and naturalists (though learning and valour should have the pre-eminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged.

To mislike this, were but folly! to dispute it, but time lost! to alter it, impossible! but to endure it is manly, and to scorn it, magnanimity!

The Queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible; but I crave pardon of the Queen; forgive the lawyers and the world; desire to be forgiven, and welcome death!

Woman's Love.

LOOK at the career of Man, as he passes through the world; of Man, visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his fellow man, to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! one friend of his own sex forgets him, another neglects him, a third perhaps betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his misery with unshaken affection; braves the changes of his feelings, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all the passive virtues; a resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; weeps with him, "*tear for tear*," in his distress, and is the first to catch and to reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his languid countenance in the midst of his sufferings: and never leave him to his misery, whilst there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at the last, when life and sorrow cease together, follows him to the tomb with that ardour of affection which death alone can destroy.

Life of Savage.

IT is related in proof of the deep interest with which Johnson's life of Savage must be perused, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, during a visit at a friend's in Devonshire, took it up one day by accident, and so intensely did the work occupy his attention, that he continued in the same position, leaning his elbow on the chimney piece till he had read it through, when attempting to move his arm it was benumbed.

The Musical Instruments.

A Fable.

THE Beaux and Belles were gone, the Concert o'er,
And Kelly's sprightly strains were heard no more;
Thro' the deserted room dead silence reign'd,
And still and dumb each tuneful string remain'd;
When from the case in which a Fiddle lay
Arose a voice that said or seem'd to say:
"Basses and Tenors, Kettledrums and Flutes,
Trumpets, and Horns, Fiddles, Flageolets,
From you that solemn groan to you that squeak,
Patient attend and hear a brother speak:
Oft have I mused with sorrow and regret,
Since here confined I mourn'd my captive state,
That tho' from Harmony our being rose,
We unconnected live, nor friends nor foes;

Nor know society, till in the band
We yield our music to the master's hand;
Those happy moments o'er, confined again,
Silent and un-united we remain:
Let us for mutual interest then combine;
To each his different share of power assign;
And from our choice that no dissension spring,
Speak, all, and let the worthiest be our King,
Under whose reign, by man when unemploy'd,
Peace, harmony and bliss may be enjoy'd."
He spoke, thro' all melodious accents ran,
And the slow solemn Organ thus began:
"Much I approve my four string'd brother's scheme,
And own it oft has been my silent theme,
And since harmonic merit mounts the throne,
I claim the royal title as my own.
Observe me well when glorious here I stand,
And with a look alone respect command.
On me has man bestow'd his utmost care,
And as he found me great he found me fair;
My front with pipes of radiant gold array'd
Above the painter's utmost art display'd;
This made a thousand instruments combine
And all in one great, glorious whole conjoin:
Nor do I boast of outward form alone,
For Harmony has mark'd me as her own;
Has taught my sweetly solemn sounds to flow
In all the pomp and majesty of woe;

Has taught my notes on seraph's wings to fly,
And raise the ravish'd soul above the sky;
Has made in Heaven's own that voice rever'd,
And kings to kneel whenever it is heard.
To whom then but to me shall pow'r be given,
Who rule on earth and lead the way to heaven?"
The Organ spoke majestically slow,
And thus the brazen Trumpet 'gan to blow:
"Were size enormous or were colours bright
To strike the judgment as they strike the sight,
The world's great empire would disputed lie
'Twixt the huge whale and gilded butterfly;
But the gay peacock vainly strives to sing,
In vain the unwieldy ostrich spreads his wing,
While music swells the homely linnet's throat,
And on the yielding air the little swallows float.
I boast no beauty then, I boast no size,
Since nought but merit true can gain the prize:
If so, I boldly call that prize my own,
And claim, whoe'er oppose that claim, the throne.
If warlike feats, if deeds of high renown,
Bravely perform'd, on men bestow the crown,
Like right is mine, who still am heard afar,
The dreadful harbinger of glorious war;
At whose loud voice, heroic ardour springs
In the bold hearts of heroes and of kings.
With them where'er they go, I brave my fate,
With them victorious share their royal state;
Till men whene'er my glorious voice they hear,

Know that a hero or a prince is near.
Such are my claims, let me your ruler be,
Receive a hero and a King in me."
He ended, and the silver sounding Flute
Thus strove the boaster's title to confute:
"Brothers of Harmony, whose breathings move
The human soul to virtue, peace, and love,
Shall we be ruled by one whose dreadful breath
Spreads thro' the world division, discord, death?
Let kings for fame forget their people's good,
And butchering heroes wade in harmless blood,
While we endeavour, as by Heaven design'd,
To soothe and not inflame the human mind.
In the sweet shade, and by the silent stream,
I softly sing, and peace and love my theme.
To my gay notes, beneath the checker'd shade,
Dance the blithe shepherd and the harmless maid.
Far from destroying war or faithless courts
I seek the scenes where innocence resorts,
There have I learnt betimes, in virtue's school,
The *art*, do you bestow the *power* to rule."
Soon as the gentle Flute had spoke his claim
From every corner mingling murmurs came:
With loud commanding note the Fiddle swore
Ne'er was *his* preference denied before;
'Twas he that still employed the master's hand,
Follow'd obsequious by the list'ning Band;
Nay swore, that *Kelly* learnt from him the art

To rule with magic sounds the human heart!
The Harpsichord, the fav'rite of the fair,
Talk'd much of *them*, and plac'd his merits there.
Clamour on clamour grew, each prais'd his own,
And strove his neighbour's merits to run down;
Till frightened Harmony forsook the room,
And crashing Discord shook the lofty dome;
Up rose at last a chief of little *fame*,
Yet mighty *use*, and *Pitch pipe* was his name;
In steady unison he thus began,
While wonder thro' the place in murmur ran:
" Brethren of melody, to whom 'tis given
By man, first taught the glorious art by Heaven,
The various passions of the human soul,
To raise, to soothe, to heighten, to controul;
To thrill with softest sounds the lover's heart,
To raise his transports, or to soothe his smart;
To cheer the sinking soul with liveliest air,
To soften madness or to calm despair;
To rule the thousand sympathies that bind,
With strongest, sweetest ties, the human mind.
Such are your powers while Harmony *shall* reign,
By her forsaken, all those powers are vain.
His hallow'd notes in vain the Organ blows,
The Fiddle's tone with sweet expression glows;
In vain the Flute soft blows his am'rous breath,
The strepent Trumpet speaks the sounds of death;
Vainly they strive to move the feeling soul,

Till heaven-born Harmony conduct the whole.
For *me* one *note* does all my power confine,
Employ'd for others' uses, not for mine;
And yet, however small my compass be,
Harmonic *Union* you must owe to me;
For still by me, whene'er you sound alone,
Or mix in concerts, must be fix'd your *tone.*
Then strive no more but fix on *me* your choice,
Who save from discord, strife, confusion, noise;
So shall the powers of music matchless reign,
Nor has divine Cecilia come from heaven in vain."
He said, and straight his tone, tho' simple sound,
Conviction follow'd, and himself was crown'd.
'Tis thus, my friend, that in the human soul
The various movements *Reason* should controul,
While headlong sallies Prudence should restrain,
And fancy yield to Judgment's shady reign;
If the kind muse poetic rage inspire,
Or glows the breast with patriotic fire,
If wit, that seldomer does good than harm
'Midst social scenes, shall teach the tongue to charm,
If love with sweet sensations fills the mind,
Or sacred friendship mutual bosoms bind,
Howe'er with *genius*, *fancy*, *feeling* blest,
'Tis Prudence must direct, or vain are all the rest.

Reflection.

LET none imagine that the bare letter of duty or even the reputation of good resolutions will bear them with "golden opinions" through a life of action, despising those means which, like the farmer's heavy rollers, smoothen the ground they are compelled to crush. Let such persons neglect that amenity, that considerate bearing, so essential in the intercourse of life, and infallibly the return will be found a bitter harvest of aversion.

Poverty.

PRINT this in thy thought, that whatever virtue thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal thou and thy qualities shall be despised: besides Poverty is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit. Thou shalt neither help thyself or others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burthen and an eyesore to thy friends; every one will fear thy company.

IF you are wretched, the world will mock your wretchedness—if you are poor, you will be insulted and contemned—and if proud, you will be exposed to hourly mortification.

THOUGH nothing can be more galling to a generous spirit than to be placed under obligation by meanness, it is purely delightful to be beholden to one of its own calibre. Charity *is* then indeed twice blessed, when the giver and the receiver are equally elevated above the selfish and sordid feelings of vulgar humanity.

Portrait of Charles I.

IT is recorded of the celebrated Sculptor Giovanni Lorenzi Bernini, that on his seeing the painting by Vandyke which presents three portraits of King Charles I. on the same canvass, the one a front face, the other a half side, and the third a profile, the artist observed, "whoever the individual be whose likeness these three portraits represent, I am of opinion that the same will come to an untimely end."

This painting had been expressly taken and forwarded to Rome in order that Bernini might, from the resemblance, sculpture a marble bust of the king; which accordingly he did, and King Charles, the best and greatest patron of the arts that England can boast of, was so much pleased with the performance, that he sent Bernini a very valuable ring, saying to the person whom he commissioned to deliver it, "Andate a coronar quello mano, che ha fatto si bel lavarno."

"THE *Ballad*" was the favourite dance of the Italians. This word now used only to designate the words of a peculiar species of *song*, is derived from the Italian "*ballare*" to dance, and originally signified a dance accompanied by a chaunt. This dance was probably pantomimic, exhibiting the story of the accompanying verse by that expressive gesticulation in which the Italians of all ages have excelled.

On a Lady not celebrated for her attention to cleanliness.

ACCEPT, dear Peg, in moral lays,
The thanks a grateful heart repays;
Oft has my soul, puff'd up with pride,
The truths of sacred writ denied,
And to myself I still have said,
Sure mankind ne'er of dust was made,
Till thou, dear Peg, revers'd my creed,
And shew'd me, we are *dirt* indeed.

RELATE your story simply, and never forget that overcharged accusations will always assume in the eyes of the court the appearance of calumny.

Lady M. W. Montague.

SPENCE says of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that she is one of the most shining characters in the world; but she is like a comet, she is all irregularity, and always wandering: the most wise, most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best natured, cruelest woman in the world.

Of herself she writes, "I thank God I still retain my taste for the gay part of reading. Wise people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at least better than the generality of conversation." I know by experience how far the love of reading is capable of softening the cruelest accidents of life: even the happiest cannot be passed without many weary hours, and there is no remedy so easy as books, which if they do not give cheerfulness, at least restore quiet to the most troubled mind.

Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading.

THE mild air gives birth to pestilence, and the whirlwind, though it uproots trees, destroys the devouring locust. God blesses in a blow, and punishes in a gift. To hasten the ripening of the fig, we pierce it; and what so sweet as the wounded pulp?

The Mother of the Cagot.

STRANGE but beautiful is the strength of maternal affection. This object to all others so hideous—that for earth to hide his deformity, for death to close upon his afflictions, seems a boon to be prayed for, a mercy to be acknowledged with thankfulness—in the eyes of his mother is one of hope and of interest as great as the most perfect. She weeps not that he was born, but that he dies; weeps as passionately as the parent who loses the most beautiful, the most gifted offspring: perhaps more so than if he *had* been beautiful and gifted, for then he would not have been exclusively dependant on her love and care. Is it not right there should be a source in the desert as well as in the valley? Blessed is the illusion the mother's heart lends to her eyes! yet alas! for the "*Cagot*," the earth brings forth healing herbs in vain, the Church withholds her rites in vain. Their degradation, their destitution is appalling.

AS the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strengthens a strong one.

STRAIN the Bow, and the arrow swerves; such is the case with the mind.

The Essex Ring.

Lines written by Buchanan, in the year 1564, and sent by Mary Queen of Scotland, with a diamond ring, to Elizabeth Queen of England.

THIS Gem, behold, the emblem of my heart,
From whence my Cousin's image ne'er shall part;
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine;
As clear, as spotless is this heart of mine.
What tho' the stone a greater hardness wears,
Superior firmness still the figure bears.

This is the same ring so celebrated afterwards as that given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, and intrusted with a prayer for his life by that unfortunate nobleman to the Countess of Nottingham, who perfidiously concealed her mission till the solemnity of a death-bed influenced her to disclose the circumstance to the Queen. The ring is now in the possession of the descendant of Sir Thomas Warner, to whom it was given by King James I.

Reflections.

I REGRET the not having oftener noted down the hopes and agitations which have often influenced my feelings: it would have furnished some apology for that fitful and impatient inequality of manner, which has arisen from the strain of feeling which each hour has

brought with it—the pain arising from the ineffectual struggle to obtain the credit for good intentions, and the just appreciation of my motives.

I begin to find every effort vain; and after yea[illegible]nxious labour and personal sacrifice, I ha[illegible] reaped one certain harvest—the just va[illegible]n of my fellow beings; so different from [illegible] saw it under happier circumstances. I [illegible]acquired the certainty that the poor are [illegible]e poorer, the sorrowing more sad, when[illegible]r it is from a fellow worm we look for aid [illegible] comfort; and that the best, the most upright intentions will not shield the unprotected from those who are only strong from our incapacity to resist.

Flacourt's History of Madagascar contains the following sublime Prayer, said to be used by the people we call Savages.

"O Eternal, have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite, because I am weak. O Sovereign of life, because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscient, because I am in darkness. O All bounteous, because I am poor. O All sufficient, because I am nothing."

From his late Majesty, King William IV. to Sir Charles Shipley, on his release from a French prison, through the heroic exertions of his wife.

Richmond, January 6th, 1796.

Dear Sir,

LAST week I received yours of the 31st and Mrs. Shipley's of the 8th of October, by which I am happy to find you have at last effected your exchange, and that you have the additional satisfaction to receive it at the hands of your affectionate wife. My best wishes and compliments attend Mrs. Shipley. Assure her from me I shall always preserve her letter as a proof of her real affection for her husband and children. I hope and believe the time will come when I shall have the power to exert my friendship in your behalf; and be persuaded, that this instance of Mrs. Shipley's fortitude and exertions for her family will ever find in me the warmest friend. I shall be happy to hear from you of those events which may both tend to the honour of our country and the advantage of you and your family. Adieu, my dear friend: God bless you and yours again and again, and ever believe me, my good Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

Joan of Arc.

IT is not possible to reflect on the fate of this hapless Visionary without the deepest interest: whether she be considered as really believing herself as *Heaven-sent*, or as a young and uneducated enthusiast, quitting her humble path in life, and by the sole aid of her own talents obtaining the confidence of the greatest heroes of the day. If policy rendered her a necessary victim to its purposes, it must be lamented that such was the case.

Her statue in the market place at *Rouen*, is the first object to which the Cicerone of that town conducts the curious traveller; but I would recommend my countrymen to avoid this spot: as an *Englishwoman* I felt uncomfortable, when I turned from the meek placid features shaded by the plumes of the warrior's casque. The comments of my Norman guide were needless, and in reply to his invectives against "les Anglais," I could only sigh, "'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true."

"Jeanne d'Arc, known by the designation of the 'Maid of Orleans,' was born at the village of Domremi sur Meuse, and was a servant at an inn: being endowed with bodily strength, and a hardihood of character beyond her sex, she introduced herself to the brave *Dunois*, as the chosen champion of France, and distinguished herself in the cause of Charles VII.

She was taken prisoner at *Compiegn* in 1430, and conducted to *Rouen*, where, being condemned as a sorceress by the Ecclesiastical Power, to which she was given up by the English chiefs, she was burnt alive in the public market place. In speaking of this unfortunate Amazon, *Malherbe* aptly observes that, having lived like *Alcides*, it was just she should die as he died.

L'ennemi tous droits violant,
Belle Amazone, en vous brûlant
Témoigna son âme perfide;
Mais le destin n'eut point de tort;
Celle qui vivoit comme *Alcide*,
Devoit mourir comme il est mort.

Bear and forbear.

THE longer I live in this world of roses and thorns, the more I learn to revere those philanthropic axioms, "Bear and forbear," "Live and let live,"—and to reverence a faith, whose Christian founder has made it a condition of having our trespasses forgiven, that we should forgive the trespasses against us.

LIBERALITY and generosity of feeling is the surest test of a gentleman.

The awakened Idolater.

UNTIL I sought and found the living God, I was an Idolater. I asked the carved wood to lengthen my days, and the sapless image to give me health. I fashioned a statue of molten silver, and bowed down before the works of my hands. I adored the brute nourished by my care, and demanded protection from the herbs planted by my labour. But when I reflected that all things perished, I asked how I could be indebted for life to that which could not ensure life to itself? The glorious sun then appeared to me deserving of worship, until my mind enquired by whom that sun was made.

I examined the texture of a flower, and called it admirable: I watched the motions of an insect, and beheld its organs perfect: I strove to build a nest, but the sparrow was the better workman. I saw the cranes fly against the wind, and the fishes against the stream, and I asked, who had taught them thus to protect their feathers and their scales. I marked the birds of passage, and said to the new-fledged swallow prepared for flight, Why thus leave thy home for distant and unknown regions? Wilt thou find good and congenial air whither thou goest? Who instructs thee when to depart? Who will guide thy course through the trackless firmament? and how wilt thou know the season to return? I saw the woodpecker turn her

eggs, that they might equally receive the vital warmth; and the partridge trail her wing before the ensnarer, to beguile his footsteps from her young. I observed that the wild beasts slept while man was abroad, and that they sought their prey while man slept. How equally, said I, are the waters balanced, and how great the influence of the stars! The movements of the planets, the changes of the moon, the repelling and attracting qualities of the sun, all—all alike marvellous and sublime. Whom do these things obey? what hand doth direct the great machinery of the universe? and for whom were all these goodly wonders created? I then looked upon myself: I examined my limbs, my powers, my senses. There is a Providence! I cried, and the idols of wood dropped from my hand. There is but one God! I exclaimed, the Almighty, Creator of all things in heaven and on earth, Source of all good and harmony; and henceforth, Him only will I worship!

Henry IV. of France.

"HENRY, par la grâce de Dieu, roi de Navarre, prince souverain de Béarn, premier pair et prince de France, s'oppose à la déclaration et excommunication de Sixte V. soi-disant pape de Rome, la maintient fausse et en appelle comme d'abus en la cour des pairs

de France, desquels il a l'honneur d'être le premier ; et en ce qui touche le crime d'hérésie, de laquelle il est faussement accusé par cette déclaration, dit et soutient que Monsieur Sixte, soidisant pape, sauve sa sainteté, en a malicieusement menti, et que lui-même est hérétique. Ce qu'il fera prouver en plein concile libre et légitimement assemblé ; auquel, s'il ne consent, et ne s'y soumet, comme il est obligé par ses droits canons mêmes, il le tient et déclare pour antéchrist et hérétique : et en cette qualité veut avoir guerre perpétuellement irréconciliable avec lui ; proteste cependant de nullité ; et de recourir contre lui et ses successeurs, pour réparation d'honneur et de l'injure qui lui est faite, et à toute la maison de France : que si, par la passé, les rois et princes ses prédécesseurs ont bien su chatier la témérité de tels galans, comme est ce prétendu pape Sixte, lorsqu'ils se sont oubliés de leurs devoirs, confondant le temporel avec le spirituel : le dit roi de Navarre, qui n'est en rien inférieur à eux, espère que Dieu lui fera la grâce de venger l'injure faite à son roi, à sa maison et à toutes les cours des parlemens de France, sur lui et ses successeurs ; implorant, à cet effet, l'aide et secours de tous les princes, rois, villes et communautés vraiment chrétiennes, auxquelles ce fait touche : aussi, prie tous alliés et confédérés de cette couronne de France,

de s'opposer, avec lui, à la tyrannie et usurpation du pape et des ligués conjurateurs en France, ennemis de Dieu, de l'état, de leur roi, et du repos général de toute la chrétienté. Autant en proteste Henry de Bourbon, prince de Condé. Affiché en la ville de Rome, le 6 Novembre, 1585."

Cette protestation fut placardée pendant la nuit dans les rues principales de Rome, contre les palais des cardinaux, et sur les portes même du Vatican.

Time.

TIME is but a name; it is what is done in time that is the substance: what are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephemera? Are there not periods in our own existence in which space, computed by its true measure of thoughts, feelings, and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale, and comprises a lifetime in a day.

Charles I.

AUTHORISED by the doctrines of the age, by his consequent education, and by the natural gravity and elevation of his own mind to ascend the throne as the anointed of his Creator, it was the doom of Charles I. to witness the divine authority of his crown tram-

pled upon, the might of his magnificent hierarchy overwhelmed, the civil institutions of his realm swept away, all that he deemed sacred profaned, all that he revered denied, all that he considered established subverted, and in their stead new doctrines and new practices introduced, much of which was monstrous, and all extraordinary. In this unparalleled state of affairs, instead of disappearing from the stage like an insignificant actor overwhelmed by the unexpected importance of his part, we find on the contrary the English monarch the most energetic and the most interesting personage during the long, the fearful, and the dubious struggle. When the struggle was over, the king came forward, and closed his career by a most miserable death—dying with the same decision with which he had lived; and while he was covered with execration and obloquy as the *tyrant*, by one party, who feared that if he were not a tyrant, they might perhaps be considered traitors, he was hailed by the greater portion of the nation with tears and prayers as the martyr.

NOTRE mérite nous attire l'estime des honnêtes gens, et notre étoile celle du public.

THE late Lord Chancellor Erskine was at the commencement of his career in life in the army, and when a young Ensign was quartered at Minorca, under the command of General Johnston, whose wife, the Lady Cecilia, had a favourite monkey, which had so incurred her disgrace from its mischievous propensities, as to have been ordered to be sent out of the house. Mr. Erskine having learnt the sad fate which awaited the culprit monkey, and being invited to dine at the Government house, wrote the following lines, and placed them in Peter's paw; they were thus offered to his mistress's attention as the party passed on to the dining room, and obtained Peter's pardon.

The Petition of a Monkey under Sentence of Exile.

The humble petition of sorrowful Peter!
With submission set forth, and runs thus in metre.
I think if I'm rightly informed of the crime
For which I am banish'd, it stands thus in rhyme;
For tearing of books, for mischief and stealing,
And tricks of all kinds, from the ground to the ceiling.
All culprits are punished, if Lord Coke says true,
Not for love of revenge, but for harm that they do;

On this common maxim my pleadings I found,
And th' affair of the book must soon fall to the ground.
There was never a book, I'll be bound to engage,
Above all, in our day, but might well spare a page,
And mankind, as well as e'en authors, might look
With smiles on a monkey devouring a book.
'Tis as well for a volume, I'll hazard an oath,
To be chew'd by a monkey, as by critic or moth:
And then, as to reading, all wits have confest it,
You never can profit, unless you digest it;
And monkeys and men, from the north to the south,
Can only digest what they put in their mouth.
Much more might be said, if I chose to enlarge,
But I'd rather proceed to the rest of my charge.
To accuse me of mischief, and tax me with stealing,
Is really a want of all sense and all feeling,
Since Nature, who ripens the figs and the grapes,
Is no nearer kindred to man than to apes;
And the fair teeming Earth, our bountiful mother,
Loves Peter as dearly as Adam his brother.
'Tis because you are strongest, you seize upon all,
And the weakest, we know, must be forc'd to the wall.

Equipt as I am, in my shabby old gray,
I cannot quite hazard what other folks may;
But could I, yet I speak with respect and submission,
By some lucky hit get an Ensign's commission—
I see you all laugh, but titter away,
I'm not the *first* monkey, I'll venture to say.
'Tis no such hard matter to play well at cards,
And I think I should soon be the *ton* in the Guards.
As to height, I confess with regret I'm not tall,
But Lord A—c—m and I might parade in the Mall.
And a bag from Miss Brace,* with a good handsome wig,
Might, I think, pretty soon put on foot an intrigue.
What might not be done with my air, and my shape,
At a Court where 'tis the fashion to look like an ape?
What duels! what battles! what murders! what slaughters!
What tears would be shed both by mothers and daughters!
What groups in the anguish of cutting a horn,
Would wish in despair I had never been born!

* A celebrated Milliner of the day. Lord Ancram was of particularly low stature.

Yet faith, to my sorrow I fear I should see
Ten thousand much more like to monkeys than me,
And mad for some fair one might steal forth to meet her,
And find her eloping with some other Peter.
Yet spite of these rubs, I should have the renown,
To be one of the finest young fellows in town.
Then since exile's my fate, I implore with a tear,
To be shipped off for England, for that is my sphere.
If to this my petition, you start no objection,
My cousin, Tom Erskine, has pledged his protection,
I suppose, like the Scots—on account of connection!

Taste and Custom.

TASTE and custom govern the opinion in this day, as in those more ancient. An Athenian and a Lacedemonian lady being placed near to each other at an assembly where they met, each hastily, and with apparent disgust, turned her head from the other. The Athenian, because she could not endure the smell of *oil* which came from the Spartan, and the latter from her dislike to the perfumes of the Grecian.

Filial Duty.

IT was the commandment of the Eternal God himself, delivered amid the lightnings and thunders of the holy mountain, "Honour thy father and mother;" and there was no reservation found upon the tablet of stone. Man may persecute, sickness may change, grief may depress, poverty may chill, or grief may blacken the heart of the parent, but the bonds of the child are never loosened.

The affection of a child for a parent, in its strongest degree does not amount to a hundredth part of that which a parent feels for a child; and it is not until the child becomes a parent, that he is aware of this. If the voice of infancy should ever call you "Mother," you will then know (but never till then) how hard, how impossible it is to dry up the fountain of a parent's love, or teach the trunk to shake off and cast from it the blossoms which thence derive their being.

King of Prussia and Voltaire.

KINGS who affect to be familiar with their companions, make use of *men* as they do of *oranges;* they take oranges to extract their juice, and when they are well sucked they throw them away. The King of Prussia applied this observation to himself in his dispute with Voltaire.

To a daughter on her marriage.

DEAR to my heart, as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day:
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again!

Yet will it be as when the past
Twined every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections, finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundless hope were vain
For so, we ne'er can meet again!

May he who claims thy tender heart,
Deserve its love, as I have done;
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again.

James I.

IT was said of King James I. that there were two sorts of men he never had kindness for; those whose hawks flew, and dogs ran as well as his own, and those who were able to speak as much reason as himself.

On the death of the Hon. John Gore, who commanding his Majesty's ship Scorpion, was drowned off the coast of Africa, after having by his heroic exertions saved the lives of two of his ship's company who had fallen overboard, February 18th, 1812.

A FEW months prior to this melancholy event, I was on board the Scorpion, when its noble commander at the same risk, but with less fatal consequences, rescued from a watery grave two men who had been swept overboard while taking in sail, during what is termed in the West Indies "a white squall." This intrepid captain without hesitation sprung from the deck into the ocean, and after buffeting with the element to which he was the destined victim, he swam back to his vessel, supporting in each hand a fellow creature, preserved by his courageous exertions. Fadeless is the memory of the Hero, though "The waters have closed upon the passing furrow, and again hold on their accustomed course."

On the death of the Hon. John Gore.

"Peace to thy noble spirit, gallant Gore;
Dried be the tear that steals down sorrow's cheek;
Soothed be their grief, who thy sad fate deplore;
Stifled the sigh that does that grief bespeak.

Long shall the generous act that brought thee death
Live in the hearts of those who love the brave,
While friendship hallows with its latest breath
The fate that doom'd thee to a wat'ry grave."

PREPARE thy mind to meet her, and commune with thyself on thy future moments. It is easier to win love than to retain it, and once fled it can never be recalled: be this thy care. Leave to herself the management of her household, and when she is employed therein reward her with kind looks; commend the fruits of her industry, and taste with double relish that which her hands have prepared. Flatter her not in the early days of marriage, neither subject thyself to her smiles or her frowns; for ill-placed obedience cannot long exist. But though thy helpmate must submit to thee, let thy authority fall so lightly, that she may not feel it; so shall thy hours be rich in new springing delights.

Abraham to Isaac on his marriage with Rebecca

IN all things seek to please him, for by increasing his felicity thou wilt increase thine own. Give way to his voice, and never let it be asked, Which of us twain shall yield? Boast

Zarapha to Rebecca on her marriage with Isaac.

not of thy perfections in his hearing, for if he truly love thee, he will be the first to discover them, and if, which God avert! his affection decrease, vanity will but give birth to disgust, and self-importance to neglect. Behold his faults with compassion, and conceal them from the eyes of thy neighbour. Refrain from frequent weeping; for when thy tears have lost their power, and flow unheeded, then hast thou lost the love of thy husband. But, above all, oh! above all, let thy mind be as open as thy hand, do nothing without his knowledge: deceive him not: Oh! never deceive him; never let even thy best intentions betray thee to act unknown to him.

Go hand in hand through life, and neither strive to linger behind nor gain upon his steps.

The Mansion of Rest.

I TALK'D to my flattering heart
And chid its wild wandering ways;
I charg'd it from folly to part,
And to husband the rest of its days.
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that fancy had drest:
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
" O come then," she cried with a smile,
"And I'll show you the place and the way."
I followed the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest:
" Never more," I exclaim'd, " will I roam
In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguiled;
For too soon I confess'd with a sigh,
That the syren deceived while she smiled.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and unwary breast;
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Through the long magic wilds of romance;
But I found she meant to betray,
And shrunk from the sorcerer's glance.
For experience had taught me to know,
That the soul that reclined on her breast
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met in the way:
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day.

She cried, as she showed me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
On which the dark cypress did wave,
"Behold then the Mansion of Rest."

She spoke, and half vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear
With a smile that would banish despair
And dry up the penitent tear:
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven;
And pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to heaven,
She showed me the Mansion of Rest.

National Taciturnity.

THE taciturnity of the Spaniards is attributed by Voltaire, to their horror of the influence of the Inquisition. Hence, a general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all people; friendship and sociability were all at an end; brothers were afraid of brothers, fathers of their children.

Election by Balls.

THE origin of electing members by balls may be traced to the Grecians. When a member was to be elected, every one threw a little pellet of bran, or crumb of bread into a basket, carried by a servant on his head round the table, and whoever dissented flattened their pellet at one side.

Anecdote of Robespierre.

HOW often does the eye rest unconsciously upon mute inanimate objects, which, had they voices, would utter tales of stirring remembrance, and to some eyes, perhaps, do seem to speak such tales.

I was remarking one evening to a friend of my mother's, the extreme magnificence in the style of the still beautiful though faded furniture of the apartments she occupied in Paris, and in which, at that moment, a large and gay party were assembled. "True," replied he, "and I have seen these rooms in all their splendour, whilst their lovely, though frail mistress, dispensed her fascinating smiles upon an admiring circle. This house was fitted up by the celebrated St. Amaranthe, whose fate offers one of the most striking instances of revolutionary despotism.

"It is well known that even the stern heart of the tyrant Robespierre had felt her power, but this was no security against his atrocious cruelty. He was one of thirteen guests assembled on the preceding night in the *Rue de Gramont*, where he had partaken of the hospitality of the beauteous hostess. The next morning, whilst employed in the duties of his toilette, his Secretary observed to him that he had drunk too freely the night before. 'What leads you to think so?' inquired Robespierre, 'Your un-

guarded conversation, Citizen, which I do not think passed unobserved, either by St. Amaranthe or her guests.' 'It matters not,' said the tyrant with apparent indifference, 'they will do me no harm,' writing at the same moment a note which he dispatched by a servant, and then with the utmost composure continued to shave himself.

"That note conveyed his orders for the arrest of St. Amaranthe and the eleven individuals who had supped with her, one of whom was her son, a boy of thirteen; and on the following day, the only two of the party of fourteen who were not led to the guillotine were *Robespierre* and *his Secretary*.

"St. Amaranthe dressed herself with peculiar care for her execution, and a person who by chance saw her pass in the fatal cart which conducted her to death, described to me the beauty and elegance of the figure, around which the most tastefully arranged draperies of *yellow* crape floated on the air."

The Old Woman and her Ass. A Fable.

IN Durham's venerable spire,
So justly famous for its choir,
Each Sunday, when the organ's sound
Did from the sacred walls rebound,
A gentleman, some say of note,

Join'd with the choristers his throat
To praise the Lord, or show his skill,
I know not; be it as it will,
With open mouth and lifted eye
He made the solemn cadence die;
And when they raised the sacred song,
His voice was heard above the throng.
The cause of all this strange emotion,
Some said was pride, and some, devotion.
One youth with vanity elate
Observed that near a woman sat,
Adown whose ancient wrinkled face
The trickling tears did run apace;
With kerchief clean she wiped her eyes,
And stifled, as they rose, her sighs.
The songster harbour'd not a doubt
How this emotion came about:
He knew his voice had pleas'd each ear,
But ne'er before had drawn a tear;
He knew he oft had charm'd the young,
And joy'd that age now felt his tongue.
The service o'er, the crowd retires,
His pride a secret wish inspires,
To know from Goody what soft part
Of all his song had touch'd her heart.
As from the church she hobbling came,
He thus address'd the ancient dame:
Goody, a word—I won't detain you,
I think of late I oft have seen you

Melted in tears; do pr'ythee tell
The piteous cause for which they fell.
The dame replied, Some time ago,
The time when first began my woe,
I had an ass in my possession,
For selling brooms is my profession;
He bore my besoms, drew my cart,
And was the darling of my heart:
Each night, I turn'd him to the wood
To browse the bushes for his food.
One night, when all was calm and still,
Some wicked foxes from the hill,
Attack'd the honest, harmless beast,
And of his carcass made a feast.
Excuse me, Sir, if when I hear
Your worship's voice, I shed a tear:
When it so loud and shrill does rise,
I think I hear poor Cuddy's cries:
So like his braying is your shake,
My very heart is like to break!

MORAL.

Ye squallers, who for singers wish to pass,
First ask, if e'er your hearers lost an ass!

Life a mingled yarn.

THE web of our life is a mingled yarn. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if not redeemed by our nature.

Henry VIII. and Francis I.

AT the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I. which took place at Guisnes, Henry and his English cavaliers wore on their crests the Hawthorn, a cherished though humble badge, from the circumstance of Henry VII. having placed on his head, in Bosworth Field, the crown of England, which had been discovered in a hawthorn bush. It was on this occasion, that when Henry was about to read the articles of the treaty the monarchs had met to execute, that instead of designating himself King of *France*, he stopped abruptly after "I Henry, King of England," and exclaimed, "No, not the King of France: I should be an impostor if I claimed that title, for the King of France is here!"

Anecdote of Torregiano.

TORREGIANO, a native of Florence, who came to Seville in 1520, was employed by the Duke of Arcos in making an exact copy of a statue in clay, which had been executed by himself, and which was greatly valued by all connoisseurs. When it was finished, the Duke paid him in maravedes, and the quantity was so great that two men were required to carry it to his lodging.

The artist rejoiced in this liberal payment, as he supposed it, but on opening the bags and as-

certaining that they contained copper, and not silver, and that the value was trifling, he became furious, ran to the palace of the Duke, and before his face, broke the statue in pieces. The figure being an image of our Saviour, he was accused of heresy, and consigned to the Inquisition, and that tribunal sentenced him to a severe castigation, which the indignant artist escaped by starving himself to death in prison, previous to the time appointed for the execution of his sentence.

Decline of Families.

FAMILIES decline as do empires; each succeeding day some part of life's ancient honours are lost: the descent that leads to adversity is precipitate and rapid. Children detach themselves from their parents: parents separate themselves from their children. Thus all fades, till the last great scene lets fall the curtain of death and oblivion.

IL y a des personnes à qui les défauts sient bien, et d'autres qui sont désagréables avec leurs bonnes qualités.

Confiance.

LA confiance fournit plus à la conversation, que l'esprit.

Robert Bruce.

BRUCE, like many other heroes, was an observer of omens, and a singular instance is recorded by tradition.—After he had been four times defeated in his attempts to recover and secure the crown of Scotland, he was on the point of abandoning all future opposition to what appeared to be his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced that his eyes, as he was thus pondering, were attracted by the exertions of a *spider*, which, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed its exertions after failing six times; and it occurred to him, that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of that of the spider. At the *seventh* effort the insect gained its object, and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own.

Hence, it has been held unlucky and ungrateful, for any one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider!

How to meet afflictions.

DISSIPATION of mind, and a length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions; but the first of these works a temporary, the

second a slow effect, and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly imagine that the disease is cured because we find means to get some few minutes from pain? Or shall we expect from Time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy, till we can forget we are miserable? and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of our strength? Far otherwise, let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes; let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by a long and ignominious patience; instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife and the caustic; search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

So ho.

TO the north of the Earl of Leicester's house, from Leicester Square, stood King's Square, on one side of which was the Duke of Monmouth's house, after whose execution his friends changed the name to Soho Square; So ho! being the watchword with which he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemore.

Loss of a Parent irreparable.

IF there are sufferings which, however dreadful in their endurance, are yet susceptible of amelioration, the sorrow which a parent's loss awakens is not among the number; other ties may be replaced, other affections may be restored, but when death breaks the bond of filial love, nature, honouring the most sacred of her feelings, forbids a sentiment less pure, less strong, succeeding to it; and though the tear which sorrow sheds upon the parent's grave may be dried by time, the loss which bids that tear to flow can never be replaced by human tenderness or human power.

Fruit.

PHYSICIANS, says Petrarch, regard fruit as almost equally poisonous with aconite and henbane; if this be true, surely Nature is a cruel step-mother to have given to fruits such beauty of colouring, such a delightful perfume, and so agreeable a taste, purposely to seduce and draw us into the snare. Would a good mother present poison to her children, covered with honey?

ON parle peu quand la vanité ne fait pas parler.

Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK the Great, on the death of one of his chaplains, being desirous of replacing him by a man of talent, took the following mode of ascertaining the qualifications of the candidate for the nomination. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, from which he was to preach extempore. The clergyman accepted the offer. The whim of such a probationary sermon was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal chapel was crowded to excess. The King arrived at the close of the prayers, and, on the clergyman's ascending the pulpit, one of His Majesty's Aides-de-Camp presented him with a sealed letter. The preacher opened it, and found nothing but a blank paper, yet in so critical a moment he did not lose his presence of mind. "My brethren," said he, turning the paper on both sides, "here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things." And he proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse on the wonders of the creation.

ON ne se blâme que pour être loué.

IT is a poor wit that jests at poverty.

Equity.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy scornful looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the glassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

The crown to awe, the rod to smite,
Is man's by law divine:
But sacred be each humble right
That clashes not with thine.

Let savage prowlers of the wood,
With thirst or hunger bold,
Let poisonous foes by land or flood,
Let plunderers of the fold,

Let pilferers of the hoarded grain,
To justice victims die;
But injure not the harmless train
That creep, or walk, or fly.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
O! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

Mussulman.

THE Mussulman law divides into two classes all the inhabitants of the earth: those who profess the faith of Mahomet are called, without distinction of rites, sects, &c. "*Musslem*," which in Arabic signifies a person resigned to God, the dual of which is Mussulman. The nations who deny the divine mission, and reject the doctrine of the prophet, are confounded under the common denomination of "Keafid," infidel, or blasphemer; a wretch wandering in darkness, whose eyes are shut to the light of revelation. Thus all infidels form but one people.

Matthias, Count Thurnes', Address to the Feudal Nobles of Bohemia.

THERE remains now no room for repentance, and no plea for forgiveness. The die is thrown. We must embrace freedom or the scaffold: men of principle, if conquerors, men of conscience, and independent; but if overcome, poor, perfidious beings, perjured and rebellious traitors.

Sir Thomas More.

DURING his confinement in the Tower, Sir Thomas wrote the following lines on the wall of his prison chamber, with a coal, for ink he was not allowed.

"Ey, flatterynge fortune, looke you never so fayre,
Nor never so pleasantly begin to smyle,
Although thou wouldst my ruynes all repayre,
During my life thou shalt not me beguyle;
Trust, I shall, God, to enter in a while
Thye haven of heaven, sure and uniforme,
Ever after thie calme, looke I for noe storme."

Of the several foreigners entertained and patronised by Sir Thomas More, Erasmus was the most esteemed: but he was irritated and offended by an epigram addressed to him from Holland, to which place Erasmus had taken a horse of Sir Thomas More's, sent for the purpose of conveying him to the coast.

The Key to Happiness.

A SUSCEPTIBILITY to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest under current of life: the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all

grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and, often, unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference, or rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, unwavering attention to his and her comfort, both abroad and at home, and above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

The Pelhams.

JOHN DE PELHAM, knighted by Edward III. was the person who first laid hold of the French King's belt, when he surrendered at the battle of Poictiers; and it is from that circumstance the descendants of Sir John Pelham, and Dukes of Newcastle, who are lineally so, wear the buckle of a belt as a badge in their armorial bearings.

A Prayer on the Prospect of Death.

O THOU unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence in an hour
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As *something* loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done,

Thou knew'st that thou hast framed me
With paſſions wild and strong,
And listening to their winning voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has run short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All Good*, for such thou art,
The shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have
But *thou art good*, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

L'EXPERIENCE du monde brise le cœur, ou, le bronze.

Whitehall.

THE old Palace of Whitehall occupied a considerable space along the banks of the Thames, contiguous to where Westminster Bridge now stands; commencing at the present Privy Gardens, and ending near Scotland Yard. It extended also from the River to St. James's Park, along the boundary of which, including the Cockpit and Spring Gardens, many of its buildings were situated. Hubert de Burgh, Justiciary of England in the reign of Henry III. who was its first owner, left it in 1242 to the Monastery of Black Friars, Holborn, who selling it to Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, it subsequently became the property of succeeding prelates, and was the York House more than once mentioned by Shakespeare. Henry VIII. taking a fancy to it, Wolsey, as Archbishop of York, found it prudent to dispose of the Palace to that arbitrary monarch, from whose time it became the residence of the sovereigns of England till 1695, when it was consumed by fire; and Queen Anne in consequence removed to St. James's. Henry VIII. threw a gallery across the street to the new Park of St. James's, which was formed about the same time from the grounds of a dissolved monastery of this name, and erected on that side of the way a Cockpit, a Tennis Court, &c. Many of Cromwell's letters about this time are dated from the

Cockpit, whilst his subsequent ones are usually dated Whitehall. The Banqueting House, now commonly called Whitehall, which was built by James I. in the room of an old building devoted by Elizabeth to a similar purpose, alone escaped the fire; and still remains a monument of the purer taste introduced by Inigo Jones. It was the only part of the intended new structure built by him. The roof was painted by Rubens, 1629, who received from Charles I. three thousand pounds and knighthood for his labour.

Adieu.

"THE meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
Loses its meanness in the parting hour.
When long neglected worth seems born anew;
The heart that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower."

Indifference.

IT is easier to still the wave of passion than to break the dead Sea of indifference, which, like the Lake Asphaltes, destroys the energies of all that approach it, until, like the birds who are said to drop lifeless on its dull surface, the heart sinks to rise no more.

NOTHING is more touching than unrequited love, and unreturned friendship. I can go through all the sorrow and the sadness it must excite—the heart thrown back, the hand rejected. There is then but one shelter, one repose; it turns in upon itself, and stings that self to death!—to death? yes, the heart to death—cinder powder! and the poor frame walks about, a wonder and a speculation to its neighbour.

The Cross.

THE holy ensign of the Cross was often used in dress in order to command a homage the wearer would not otherwise have received. In 1363, the father of the Doge of Venice preferred always going bareheaded to pulling off his cap to his son, until the Doge thought of placing a golden cross in front of his cap. The father then re-assumed his cap, and when he met his son pulled it off, saying, "It is not him I salute, but the cross;" and from that time the cross became an ornament of the ducal cap.

Solitude.

SOLITUDE is the nurse of all that is good within us. The world stains what it touches, and the more we withdraw from it the better we are.

Voltaire's Prayer.

O DIEU! qu'on méconnait, O Dieu! que tout annonce,
Entends les derniers mots que ma bouche prononce:
Si je me suis trompé, c'est en cherchant ta loi;
Mon cœur peut s'égarer, mais il est plein de toi.
Je vois sans m'alarmer l'Eternité paraître,
Et je ne puis penser qu'un Dieu qui m'a fait naître;
Qu'un Dieu qui sur mes jours versa tant de bienfaits,
Quand mes jours sont éteints me tourmente à jamais.

Method of obtaining the figure of a Plant.

A PIECE of paper is to be rubbed over with powdered dragon's blood, in the manner practised by engravers, and then the small branch or leaf of which the design is required, is to be laid upon it. By means of slight friction it soon takes up a small quantity of the powder, and being then laid upon moistened paper, an impression is taken in the manner practised for lithography without a machine.

Misfortune a crime.

MISFORTUNE was his crime.—*Success* would have silenced censure.

Grecian Tablets.

LES Tablettes des Grecs étaient des tables de bois, minces et deliées, et enduites de cire. On y écrivait avec un petit stylet de cuivre, de fer, ou d'or, pointu d'un côté, et plat de l'autre: ce dernier bout servait à effacer. Les Grecs portaient à la ceinture un étui nommé *graphiarium* où étaient renfermés le stylet et ses tablettes.

Christmas Day.

THE feast of our Saviour's nativity was undoubtedly celebrated in the early ages of Christianity. It is named *Christmas-day* from the Latin "Christi missa," the mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic liturgy is called their Missal, or Mass book. About the year 500 this day became generally observed in the Catholic church.

Christmas Boxes. The mass was called Christmas, the box, Christmas-box, for the collecting money that the priests may say masses to the Saints for those who presented them.

George IV.

MR. CROKER asked the king why he was styled "George the *Fourth*." His Majesty replied, because his father was George III. Not at all, observed Mr. Croker, it is because Your Majesty is king of England, France, and Ireland, and *so forth*.

Ton of the French.

THIS is the ton of the French nation—if they lose a battle an *epigram* consoles them; if they are loaded with a new impost, a ballad indemnifies them. They are enlivened with a song, and the most simple and native style is always seasoned with something sarcastic and biting.

Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK was endowed with great self-possession and coolness: these were in one instance displayed, when the guards, having been promised an augmentation in their pay, which had not been attended to; they rose in a mutinous spirit, and marched towards the palace in order to obtain redress from the king himself. His Aide-de-Camp, alarmed at their approach, came to inform his royal master of the circumstance. Frederick, who was quietly writing at his desk, ordered his hat and sword, and went to the palace yard to meet them; without manifesting the least surprise he drew his sword, placing himself at their head, at the same moment giving the word of command, "*Linksum kehrt eveh marsek*,"—To the left, wheel, march. Surprised by the sudden appearance of their royal master, and electrified by the energy with which this order was given, the men actually obeyed the word of command, and returned quietly to their barracks.

The Widow of Barnevelt imploring the Mercy of Maurice, Prince of Nassau, for her Son.

"I COULD not ask mercy for my husband —*he* was innocent—but I implore it for my son, who *is* guilty." This was the observation of the widow of Barnevelt to Maurice of Nassau, when interceding for her son, who in 1624 had engaged in a conspiracy to revenge his father's death.

Filial Love.

FILIAL love; much more, the affection of a son to a mother, where love loses its awe, and veneration is mixed with tenderness! Filial love! the *morality of instinct*, the *sacrament of nature and duty*; or rather miscalled a *duty*, for it flows from the heart without effort, and is its delight, its indulgence, its enjoyment. It is guided, not by the slow dictates of reason; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought; it asks no aid of memory; it is not innate, but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solicitudes, a thousand waking watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations, not remembered because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant

memory record them: a gratitude and affection which no circumstances should subdue, and which few can strengthen. A gratitude in which even injury from the object, though it may blunt regret, should never breed resentment—an affection, which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it; and which is then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protection of its cold decline."

"Aliens from nature! apostates from humanity! is there a crime more fell, more foul, is there any thing worse than a wilful persecutor of his mother? Guilty, by the general verdict of human kind!"

Lacretelle, the late member of the Academie Française, beautifully says—

"Je désire pour ami, le fils qui n'a jamais résisté aux larmes de sa mère."

Politeness.

POLITENESS, that cementer of friendship and soother of enmities, is no where so much required and so frequently outraged as in family circles: in near and dear connections it is continually abandoned, and the result is, that all the illusions of life are destroyed, and with them, much of its happiness.

Submission to Providence.

PAIN and pleasure, good and evil, come to us from unexpected sources. It is not there, where we have gathered up our brightest hopes, that the dawn of happiness breaks. It is not there, where we have glanced our eye with affright, that we find the deadliest gloom. *What should this teach us?* To bow to the great and only Source of light and life humbly, and with confiding resignation.

A Gentleman.

TO constitute a perfect gentleman, the best attributes of the heart and head must be combined. He who would indeed deserve that proud epithet, must be devout, courteous, and accomplished, gentle, generous, and brave; pure in word and deed, disinterested, philanthropic, and, above all, incessant and intrepid in charitably succouring the weak, the lowly, and the poor. It was once affirmed with a pious fervour almost bordering on profanation, that our *Saviour* was the first true gentleman that ever lived.

Love silent.

SILENCE in love, bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty,
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserveth double pity.

Note concerning the Wandering Jew.

THE story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity. It is told by Matthew Paris, who heard it from an Archbishop of Armenia, who *knew the man.* His original name was Calaphilus, Pontius Pilate's Porter, who when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster—why dost thou linger?" upon which Jesus looked upon him with a frown, and said, "I am indeed going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and took the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every *hundred* years falls into a fit or trance, from which, when he recovers, he returns to the same age as he was when our Saviour suffered, being then about thirty years. He always preserves the utmost gravity of deportment. He was never seen to smile. He perfectly remembers the death and resurrection of Christ.

Statues.

THE origin of the introduction of statues instead of columns, in architecture, is thus related. "Carya, a city of Peloponnesus, sided with the Persians against the Grecian States. When the country was freed from the invaders, the arms of the Greeks were turned

against the Caryans. Upon the capture of the city, the males were put to the sword, and the women led away captives. The architects of the age, in order to perpetuate the ignominy of this people, introduced statues of their women instead of columns in the porticos of their buildings; the ornaments and drapery were faithfully copied from the attire of the women, the mode of which they were never permitted to change.

*Charles, Prince of Wales,**
By Lope de Vega.

CARLOS ESTUARDO soy,
Que, siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo de'España voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria.

Charles Stuart I am,
Whom love has guided afar;
To the heaven of Spain I came
To see Maria my star.

AFFLICTIONS are sent us by Providence to teach us to recollect our ways.

* Sung in Spain during the romantic expedition of Charles to that country, whilst his marriage with the Infanta was in agitation.

Philadelphia, City of William Penn.

THIS is a *planned* town: built according to the rectangular plan of its illustrious founder, the great and good William Penn. He who had received from his Sovereign an absolute title to the lands on the wilful subterfuge of Christian and heathen rights to the soil —but who, acting upon the principle of "uniform justice," never would invade a foot of territory which he had not before purchased from the Indians. Penn considered immemorial occupancy superior to all other tenure, that this right of the Red-man was founded in nature, that this tenure was the free gift of Heaven, which no king, no pope, no man had a right to question, or any equitable pretence to destroy; and therefore his principles required him to commence with justice to the natural occupant of the soil. With the founder of Pensylvania, the measures he adopted, and his demeanour towards the aborigines were wise, and so happy that it became a maxim among them "never to lift the tomahawk against the race of William Penn." The country of William Penn was called "the Poor Man's Paradise;" poverty was unknown in all its borders.

With reference to the name given to the

colony, it is stated by Penn on the 5th Jan. 1681: "This day, after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in Counsel, my country was confirmed to me under the Great Seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pensylvania, a name the king would give it in honour of my father. I chose *New Wales*, being a hilly country; and when the Secretary, being a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added *Penn* to it, though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past, and would take it upon him. I feared it should look like a vanity in me, and not as a respect of the king to my father, as it really was."

Calumny.

AS I have myself felt the arrows of calumny, I should be inexcusable if I readily believed what is said of others. What I have suffered ought to regulate my conduct with regard to those who may be in like manner traduced. When I have the evidence of my senses that what is said of such a one be true, I must then examine my heart, to see if I cannot discover an excuse for errors that may have been the result of weakness; and in no case ought I to pronounce a decided judgment.

Constancy.

REMEMBER—never to divest the person of your wife of the diversity with which your imagination clothed it while she was your mistress, and be sedulous yourself in the preservation of every attraction as well of the person, as of the heart.

Recollect—that it is vacuity which requires the charm of novelty: keep the soul replete with genuine bliss, and the desire of change will never make head against the power of pure and mutual love. The cooling of the heart towards the object once adored, proceeds in general from the weakness of unoccupied hours, and the inaction of sensibility. Kind attentions mutually kept up, will always endear even indifferent persons to each other; and will not the very name of husband, and wife, lead to those attentions, to those endearments? The flame of love once raised, will burn long if fanned by both the votaries; but will inevitably expire if left only to the care of one.

The Baths of Schlangenbad.

SCHLANGENBAD, a short distance from Mayence: the effect of the Schlangenbad waters on the skin is really wonderful; it seems like exaggeration or fancy on the part of those who have described them already, to say that

one quarter of an hour's luxurious lying under their clear soft surface, should be able to produce such an impression. Yet so it is, in sober earnest. I think it was two days at least before the effect of even one bath went off; and when, forgetting what manner of man or woman we had become in it, we afterwards happened to pass our hands over our foreheads, either for want of thought, or in search of some stray thought that had made its escape, the agreeable contact waked us suddenly to the sense of the soothing, softening influence of the waters.

Traditions.

IN the thirteenth century the two chief meals were dinner and supper, the first at nine in the morning, the supper at five in the afternoon. The greatest luxury and magnificence were displayed at those repasts, and the side tables were highly ornamented, and covered with various fermented liquors, as mead, ale, beer, and, above all, rich wines of English growth. At the celebration in London of the marriage of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and Cincia, daughter of Redmond, Earl of Provence (A. D. 1243), there were above thirty thousand dishes served at the marriage dinner.

An unlimited hospitality reigned in the castles of great barons: their gates were ever open to

strangers of condition, as well as their own vassals, friends, and followers. It is evident that the immense halls to be seen in the remains of ancient structures, were built to accommodate vast numbers of guests of all ranks; and the little window above, opening from a recess of the state apartment, was evidently intended in order that the guests should be seen assembling, before the lord of the mansion and persons of dignity went down to the common repast. In the middle of each table stood a large salt-cellar, and it was a mark of distinction whether a person sat above or below the salt. Particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank.

Serenades.

IT has been wittily said of the Sicilians, that no person could pass for a man of gallantry who had not got a *cold*, and was sure never to succeed with his mistress unless he made love in a *hoarse voice*. This arose from the custom of serenading the object of preference during the hours of the night, by the execution of vocal and instrumental music under their balconies. The Sicilians are a nation of poets; and the lover who cannot celebrate his mistress's charms in verse, would be thought unworthy of her attention.

Ancient Poetry.

DIDST thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words:
The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love:
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

The Hottentots.

AMONG the Hottentots, if a widow marries again, she is obliged to cut off the joint of a finger for every husband she marries after the first: this she presents to her new husband on her wedding day, beginning at one of the little fingers first.

The painter's art is done, the features hit,
Of Sedley's face. No art can show his wit.

Sir Charles Sedley.

HE appeared in public about the year 1667, and is to be considered as one of the first among the men of genius who adorned that age. Charles II. used to tell him, that nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. However, he knew as well how to conceal his own excellencies with modesty, as the rest of the world knew how to value them. It was at the acting of his play called *Bellamira*, that the roof of the play-house fell down. But it was singular, that very few were hurt except himself. His merry friend, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, told him, "there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house, and all." He replied, "No! The play was so heavy, it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

To a Gentleman, on his complaining of having lost his Gold Watch.

GRIEVE not, my friend, or peevish say
Your luck is worse than common,
For "GOLD takes wings, and flies away,"
And "TIME will stay for no man."

Lines by Lord Erskine, on being asked whether he preferred great Sensibility or Indifference.

THE heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain;
That point thus settled long ago,
The present question's vain.

Who'd wish to travel life's dull round,
Unmov'd by pain or pleasure?
'Tis reason's task to set the bound,
And keep them all in measure.

The Stoic who with false pretence
Each soft emotion stifles,
Thinks want of feeling shows his sense,
Yet frets and fumes at trifles.

And he, who vainly boasts the heart
Touch'd by each tale of woe,
Forbears to act the friendly part
That tender heart to show.

Th' unfeeling heart can never know,
By cold indifference guarded,
The joy, the transport, that will flow
From love and truth rewarded.

True sensibility we find
Shares in another's grief;
And pity yields the generous mind
From sympathy relief.

The point discussed, we find this rule,
A rule both true and sad;
Who feels too little is—a fool;
Who feels too much—runs mad.

"L'*AMICALE persévérance*," was the term by which the *Countess de Lichtenau* designated her connection with Frederick William II. King of Prussia. In speaking of the attachment of our Henry VIII. to the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and mother to Anne, afterwards his Queen, Lloyd says, she was *his solace, not his sin.*

Epigram on reading an article in the Newspapers, stating that the Garrison of Dantzic had eaten their last Horse.

BY the newsmen we're told, and believe it of course,
That the people of Dantzic had eat their last horse;
In resources, how much should we Dantzic surpass
Could we only hold out, till we eat our last *ass.*

To the May Fly.

THOU art a frail and lively thing
Engender'd by the sun;
A moment only on the wing,
And thy career is done.

Thou sportest in the evening beam
An hour—an age to thee—
In gaiety above the stream
Which soon thy grave must be.

Although thy life is like to thee,
An atom—art thou not
Far happier than thou e'er could'st be,
If long life were thy lot?

For then deep pangs might wound thy breast,
And make thee wish for death;
But as it is thou'rt soon at rest,
Thou creature of a breath!

And man's life passeth thus away,
A thing of joy and sorrow;
The earth he treads upon to-day
Shall cover him to-morrow.

"As the sun declines the misnamed 'May-fly' is to be seen emerging from the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a time till its wings are dried for flight. Escaping after a

protracted struggle of half a minute from its watery birth place, it flutters restlessly up and down over the same spot during its whole era of a summer evening, and at last dies as the last streaks of day are leaving the western horizon. Yet, who shall say, that in that space of time it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life? That it has not felt all the freshness of youth, all the vigour of maturity, all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the pangs of death itself? In short, who shall satisfy us that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours, and *our* fourscore years?"

From my Mother.

WHEN shall those hours whose loss I dread,
Return to soothe my aching heart?
Ah! never more; for stifled sighs
Announce that soon, too soon, we part.
Maternal cares, and anxious fears,
Alternate fill my sorrowing breast;
And many a sigh, and many a tear,
Moisten my pillow, and impede my rest.
Supported by affections dear,
The casual frowning of the world I brave;
'Tis only where I truly, fondly love,
That disappointment can my peace invade.

My children are my treasures, whence I draw
All I can know of happiness below:
And O! how rich, if certain there to find,
Not wealth of gold, but sterling wealth of mind.
'Twas you, my Jane, who were my first fond hope,
And smiling, told the blessing you had brought.
Though years on years have passed since that glad hour,
A mother's memory still retains the power
To bring thy infant image to her view,
Such as it was, and such as since it grew.
Matured in education, and in life,
I view thee now a mother and a wife.
Grant that these duties with thy pleasures blend,
The wife at heart, not only wife, but friend.
These sacred ties, these precious gifts of heaven,
The first of human comforts to be given,
Cherish with care; and let affection bring
Thy share of love to make it ever spring.
Nourish the sentiments thy principles approve,
And put thy trust and confidence in God.

To revive a fading Flower.

CUT the stalk, and hold it a few moments in the flame of the candle, and then set the flower again in the cold water, when it will recover its strength almost visibly after this violent assistance, and blossom immediately.

Scenes from the Life of Titian.

TITIAN VECELLI was born in 1477, at the Chateau of La Pieve, on the frontiers of Friuli, one of the seven Communes of Cador. He was by birth a gentleman, his father was Gregorio Vecelli, and his ancestors were traced to the twelfth century.

Here may be corrected an absurdity often committed in designating him as "*Le* Titien," *that* being his baptismal name; as well say *the* Raphael—or *the* Michael Angelo. The artist may certainly be denominated "*The Vecelli.*"

Titian was not six years of age when he first gave notice of the great art in which he was to shine so bright a star: and even then, may be traced his transcendent genius in the power of colouring. The infant artist took his tints from nature. The fields, the gardens were his palettes; it was his custom to gather flowers, from which he expressed the juices; he required no pencil, no pen, to sketch his designs, he had discovered the fresco; instinct perfected his work; the perfume of the flower was unheeded by this wonderful child, but he would fall in extacies at the whiteness of the lily, the carnation of the rose, the purple of the iris.

Titian was united in a band of most intimate friendship with Giorgione, who had arrived from Castel-Franco, to study under Bellini, (Titian's master) and who called himself simply

"George." He soon became the friend, the brother, the model of Titian; and when, in after years, his jealousy of Titian's talent went to such lengths as to separate them, the latter left Venice, not being able to endure a residence in the same city, with Giorgione thus alienated from him, nor did he ever return to Venice till after the death of Giorgione.

In 1514, Alphonso d'Este, the reigning Duke of Ferrara, called Titian to his court, which at that period was considered the most brilliant and magnificent in Italy. Poets, Painters, every artist of celebrity was there admitted, and honoured in proportion to his talents. Titian's long cherished dream of ambition and well earned fame, were now about to be realized, and his glorious talent to be estimated as it deserved. Although poor in fortune, there was no gentleman at the court of Alphonso who could vie with him in the good taste and elegance of his appearance. His manners were those of a high bred man: his conversation full of charm. The Prince soon felt the superiority of his new guest, and treated him with peculiar courtesy.

"Signor Titian," said Alphonso, "consider our house as your own, and be at perfect ease and freedom: my dearest wish is to render it so agreeable to you, as to induce you to remain with us. It shall be our care that your resi-

dence at Ferrara may lessen your regret at quitting your beautiful Venice! Recollect though, that here pleasure takes the precedence of business; however, if in your leisure hours you should take up your pencil, we know too well how to appreciate your reputation and your talent, not to recollect at proper seasons that our court is honoured by the presence of the first painter in Venice."

Alphonso's conduct towards Titian fully bore out his professions, and his favour, by giving to the artist the full scope of his enthusiasm in his art, left to Titian nothing to desire. His sojourn at this court was terminated by an event which not only proves the estimation with which the duke honoured him, but gives also some idea of the morals of the period of which we speak.

Alphonso, thinking the favour which he had bestowed on Titian entitled him to make the request, one day entreated the great artist would gratify him by taking the portrait of Dona Laura Eustochio d'Este, the reigning Duchess of Ferrara.

"Listen to me, my dear Titian," said the prince, in a tone of cordial intimacy, "you are not ignorant (for every thing is known at a court), that it was the surpassing beauty of my wife which induced me to marry her, and you

will easily believe how much it will gratify me, if by your pencil her charms are rendered immortal. I know not whether the ducal mantle will be allowed to fall at your request, this favour it must be your task to obtain of the Duchess, but understand me well, great master, that my ardent desire is that by your talent I should be possessed of the faithful copy of those transcendent charms, which have so enslaved me; and divested of all veil or drapery, as though reflected in a mirror, such as are seen in your delightful paintings—so that in after times, when she is represented (such as I knew and adored her), it may be said, 'her beauty was perfect; he was not to blame for marrying her!' "

"Monsignore," replied Titian, "although the artist sees and thinks only as of a model, in the woman who is before him, were she a queen, yet I will confess to your Highness, that I have so seldom seen the Duchess since I have had the honour of residing at your court, and at such times she has appeared to look on me with so much coldness and dignity, that even by your order, I never could venture to prescribe what attitude and costume would be most suitable: and I really think that this would be best intimated by your Highness."

"Not at all, my dear Titian, you know nothing of women. It suffices that a husband

wishes one thing, for them to press another. What objections, what remonstrances, what reproaches I should have to endure! She would insist that I had ceased to love her, and was no longer jealous—whilst you would only speak as the painter, and would be listened to and believed, for when Titian had said 'On my honour, Madam, I can make you a Venus,' where is the woman who could oppose him? In short, Titian, you know my wishes, do the best you can; the Duchess expects you;" and in fact the Prince had scarcely left the room, when two pages announced that the Duchess of Ferrara waited for him.

In a room richly embellished with all the luxury of art, and which would have inspired Ariosto with the enchantment of Armida's palace, the Duchess reclined on cushions, which yielded to every movement, a young page of such beauty as is described in Raphael's angels, gently waved a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little Ethiopian slave knelt at his mistress's feet, as though placed there in order to display the whiteness of her skin by the contrast.

Into this scene Titian followed his conductor, but was struck dumb, and seized as if with vertigo: he thought himself transported into some region of fancy. On a sign from their mistress a seat, the easel, the palette, the

pencils and the colours were presented to the artist, and the attendants lowly bowing withdrew, leaving Titian and the Duchess alone.

The beauty of Laura is historical, and it were difficult to give any adequate description of it. When Titian had recovered sufficient self-command to render the feelings of the man subservient to those of the artist, he raised his eyes, and fixed them on the Duchess; it was the first time he had ever ventured to do so, for, as he had hinted, Laura had ever appeared desirous of avoiding him; but recollecting that he was now in her presence by the orders of the Prince, and by nature of his business, he continued his gaze, and met in return her gracious smile. Strange, it even seemed to him that he had seen that face before—long since—in a dream possibly—or when the artist's imagination was inspired by some ideal beauty.

Titian drew the easel towards him, and respectfully bowing, said, "Madam, I am here by your order."

"Am I well placed thus, Sir Artist?" she replied.

The sound of this voice thrilled every nerve. He was now certain that it was not the first time they had met; but when, where, or in what country he had seen this woman, he had no recollection.

The Duchess with a little of impatience repeated her question.

"Perfectly, Madam," replied Titian, beginning at the same time to sketch the outline of the head.

"However," he added, somewhat hesitating, "if your Highness would show more of the hair, I think the portrait would be improved."

"Of course, Signor Titian, your advice is law." And the Duchess proceeded to unbind her veil, and remove the jewels which confined those beautiful tresses, which like a golden shower fell on her snow white neck and shoulders. "What magnificent hair!" exclaimed the artist in an under tone; "yes, surely I have seen this woman before; but then she had not the transcendent beauty she has since attained, and which now renders her the most perfect model a painter could wish."

Titian worked on as if inspired; and when the head and part of the shoulders were sufficiently advanced to allow the artist to satisfy the curiosity of the fair original, Titian permitted the Duchess to look at the canvass. On beholding the likeness, and the beauty of the sketch, Laura d'Este uttered a cry of surprise and admiration.

"You see, Madam, how much has been gained by yielding to my request to remove

that heavy head dress, and you will, I hope, equally comply with my wish to see that gown taken off; attend, I beg you, Madam, to an artist's advice—uncover those shoulders, so perfect in shape, that bust, so exquisitely formed, the contour of which is perfection. Surely it was not to paint a bit of stuff, or a knot of riband that God has endowed us with a talent of creation only secondary to his own great power; for I too can give life to that world of beauty, and when it shall have ceased to exist, it will survive on my canvass."

"I no longer wonder that I was told to beware of Titian," said the Duchess, as she gradually obeyed the painter's directions; "our great Ariosto is not the only flatterer at our court."

"If, Madam, you doubt my word, consult this mirror; its reflection is not more true than my language."

As by degrees the Duchess, in compliance with Titian's wishes, uncovered her foot, her leg, her knee—the whole of the admirable form which had placed on her fair brow the crown of Ferrara—Titian recalled the past; the vague ideas which had floated in his brain assumed consistency, and a name, a date, were all left wanting to satisfy him.

And now the exquisite outline was nearly

complete; one only obstacle remained, the few folds of velvet which like a dark shade fell on the form of snow white beauty, and prevented this master-piece of art from shining forth in all its dazzling perfection.

"How happy was that artist," exclaimed Titian with bitterness, "whose chisel was suffered to sculpture the Venus of old in all the chaste nudity of nature! He did not look on diamonds and draperies. Oh! were the same privilege given me, this day should my pencil also produce a Venus de Medicis!"

"Behold me, then!" exclaimed the Duchess, half laughing.

Titian, turning round, uttered a cry of amazement.

The wife of Don Alphonso of Ferrara had dropped her last veil, and reclined on her divan precisely in the same attitude in which at this time Titian's Venus may still be seen with delight in the gallery at Florence.

"Great God! I was not then mistaken," said Titian, hurrying towards her.

"Well!"

"It is you!"

"It is me. Your model—your Laurette! Ungrateful man! you had then forgotten me!"

"Can I believe it? the daughter of poor Guanetto?"

"Yes, she, who for a morsel of bread came to stand in your studio as a model, at Venice, is now the Sovereign of Ferrara. But the most surprising part of the event is, that her old lord and master persisted in his forgetfulness, and refused to recognise the Duchess of Ferrara till she had again descended to her humble capacity of a model."

"I thought, indeed, those features were not unknown to me."

"Well, this is something.—However, I forgive you. Twelve years have elapsed, and I must be much altered."

"And how did you attain your present position?"

"As the wife of Don Alphonso? Simply thus. He saw me, loved me, and married me —nothing more natural."

"Yes, he loves you, I have the proof of this."

"He adores me. Ever since your arrival at Ferrara, he has entreated me to give him this portrait. I avoided it as long as I could, but was at length obliged to consent to prevent his being seriously grieved. God knows, I dreaded the moment enough! for . . ." And the young woman hesitated, and sighed.

"I understand: prudence bade you avoid me."

"No, it was shame."

Titian bowed down his head, and appeared buried in thought: when he had somewhat recovered himself, and was able to speak—"Come, Madam," he said kindly but firmly, "replace your splendid robe, and adjust your head-dress. This sketch is now useless, and I will complete it another time. In my studio I have a portrait of you such as the Prince desires to possess. But I wish also to paint you for your subjects: since fate has placed a sovereign crown on your head, it shall not be said that I have deprived you of it, even in a picture."

"But what will my husband say?"

"He can but be pleased; for instead of the one portrait ordered, there will be two—one as a Venus, the other as a Princess."

Three days afterwards, Titian had returned to Venice. . . . .

Titian at this period was about thirty-seven years of age. He was tall and dignified, his forehead high, his eyes large and full of expression and feeling, his profile was correctly Grecian, his long beard curled naturally, he was framed to inspire respect and love. His manners were all grace, his smile enchanting.

After his return to Venice, he lived in princely style, so as to vie even with the splendour of the palace of the Doge. Affable, cheerful, generous, he was beloved even by his rivals.

No artist ever acquired such wealth, or lavished it more generously and willingly.

Pacheco. Granella.

Two Cardinals one day called unexpectedly at his *Atelier*, and told him they came to dine with him. Titian detained them a short time under pretence of retouching their portraits, and when unobserved, threw his purse out of the window, saying to a servant, "I have some one to dinner." In an hour after, their Eminences sat down to a repast served with regal splendour.

Titian's studio was the resort and rendezvous of every remarkable personage in Europe: from every quarter of the world people hurried to behold the venerable old man, who approached his hundredth year. Henry III. King of France and Poland, attended by the Dukes of Ferrara, Mantua, and Albano, paid a visit of ceremony to the distinguished artist, and conversed at length with him on the subject of his honourable reception at the several courts of Charles V. and of Ferdinand and Philip. He admired all his collection of pictures, and having selected those he was desirous of purchasing, he begged that Titian would himself name the sum he should pay for them, and which should be immediately laid down. The old man smiled, and rising with some difficulty from his chair, he bowed respectfully to the king, saying,

"Your Majesty will confer on me the favour of accepting these pictures, as a proof of my gratitude. I never take money from my guests."

Titian was unequalled in his talent for giving *life* to his portraits. It is an undoubted fact that having placed the portrait of Paul III. on his terrace, to dry the varnish, the people who passed by, supposing it to be really the Pope taking the air on the balcony, stopped to bow with reverence to his Holiness. Pope.

Titian died of the plague raging in Venice, in 1576. Regrets and tears followed the splendid artist to the tomb, in the church of St. Luc, where he was interred with the highest honours.

DIOSPYRUS *Lotus* is a handsome tree for a shrubbery. It grows very gracefully, spreading out its branches, and its leaves are tinged underneath with a beautiful pink, and covered with a long, soft, pinkish down. It is quite hardy. For my Cottage.

Also the Locust tree of the Americans, *Robina pseudacacia;* it receives its name from Jean Robins, the Herbalist of Henry IV. and is very hardy. The flowers, which are very sweet, resemble a bunch of white laburnum.

The Hand of Heaven.

DESPAIR, and suffering, and sorrow,
Had poured their bitterness on me;
Hope had no ray to gild the morrow,
And life was only misery.

Each coming day shed deeper sadness,
And health along with hope had fled;
Religion only saved from madness
This aching agonized head.

At length, when nature's pulse was dying,
That Power, which brought religious balm
Gave back the life that seem'd fast flying,
With health, and hope, and peaceful calm.

Cease then, woe's child, thy deep despairing;
Remember, Heaven's hand can save,
Though every sorrow thou art sharing,
Though life seems hov'ring o'er the grave.

SORROW, though it ever sharpens the intellect, also sometimes sours the heart.

Bayle and his Mother.

IT is said of the celebrated writer, *Bayle*, that when his mother desired to receive his portrait, he sent her a picture of his *heart*.

Traditions.

IN a palace on the site of Hatton Garden, died John of Gaunt. *Brook House*, at the corner of Brook Street, Holborn, was the residence of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. In the same street died Chatterton, by poison, and was buried in the Workhouse, Shoe Lane. In Gray's Inn lived, and meditated, Lord Bacon. At the corner of Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, Cowley was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, one of the first authors of English Tragedy. In Bolt Court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson. Congreve died in Surrey Street, Strand, at his own house. In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. In Leicester Square was the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earl of Leicester, and the families of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. Dryden lived and died in Gerard Street. Newton lived in St. Martin's Street. Steele in Bury Street, St. James's. Spencer died at an inn where he put up, in King Street, Westminster. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington. Handel lived in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and Gibbon in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square. De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill.

The Graves of the Departed loved.

WITH fairest flowers
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose;
Nor the azured harebell, like thy veins;
No, nor the leaf of eglantine,
Which, not to slander it, outsweeten'd
Not thy breath.

"These to renew with more than annual care,
That wakeful love with pensive step will go;
The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,
Lest haply it disturb the friend below.

Vain fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
They only who are cursed with breasts of steel
Can mock the foibles of surviving love."

Eyes of the Mind.

OBJECTS are but bright and happy as the eyes of the mind see them; with a vision clouded or unclouded by its secret shadow.

LA Philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et des maux à venir; mais les maux présens triomphent d'elle.

Refinement.

THOSE who rail at poetry and refinement as superfluous ingredients in every day happiness, little know what main props they thus seek to undermine. These will abide when even principles wave. *Manly delicacy* is as necessary in family life as manly rectitude; and *womanly tact* as womanly virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked from the absence of the one, as of the other, and perhaps more. Those who neglect the *varnishes* of life, commit an insidious sin towards themselves: and these lie in the *mind*, and not in the *purse*.

Delights of Sea Bathing as usually *the custom.*

A CHILLY early rising with a walk to the beach before the day is aired, a tormentor in the shape of a rough sailor, or fat fisherwoman, to plunge you remorselessly beneath a horrid wave, whence you issue blinded, deafened, and stifled, and incomparably colder and crosser than you went in.

Why not, when the day is at the hottest, step leisurely in like a water-nymph, bathe head and face, nestle gradually beneath the rippling waves, and dabble with their smooth resistance for twenty minutes at least, emerging with limbs pliant and strengthened?

Effect of Scenery on the Mind.

SURELY the presence of sublimity and beauty must render the temperament of those who dwell in such solitudes poetical; and yet the mountain shepherd is only weather wise. Always simple, often stupid, he is scarcely superior in intelligence to his watch dogs, which are at the same time his coadjutors, his playfellows, and his protectors.

It is strange, if—living here alone amid the snows, removed from the contagious vices of mankind, from the coarse sensuality, the brutality, the debasement too often found in the world, from the temptations, the struggles, the strife produced by want, envy, ambition, the love of gain; constantly familiar with the ever varying face of primitive nature, with her grandest and loveliest aspects—the mind be not elevated, and the soul pure. Hourly are sights beheld, seen only in these regions. The glaciers reflecting tints of every hue, gilded with sunshine, or glowing with rose light. The stars, no longer brilliant specks, but appearing as they are, globes of intense fire. The moon, seeming to shed with her white beams the coldness of the icy skies. The whistling, the howling of the blast, its subterranean muttering, the roar of the thunder, all prolonged by a hundred echoes. The lightning flashing upon a numerous crystal-like pinnacle, the shivered

pines, the rent rocks, the sublimity of the tempest! Then the dread silence which succeeds. The fleecy snow no longer falls; all is entranced by the mighty spell of frost; all mute, all motionless. Spring returns; the sun regains his power; light fleecy clouds float in the heavens; soft, balmy rains descend: below, verdure, foliage, and flowers burst forth with almost the first gleam of sunshine: but ah! the torrents are unbound, the masses of snow tremble, they are loosened, they fall: the avalanche overwhelms the valley with destruction and desolation.

Inscription on a Sun Dial.

MARK well my shade, and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend.
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And no one can recall the former day,
Improve each flitting hour before 'tis past,
And know each fleeting hour may be thy last!

Law of Jury.

THE English law of Jury is founded on the law of nature. Man is to be judged by his *Peers*, because by them only can he be loved.

Tradition.

THE Rainbow Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, one of the oldest taverns in the metropolis, was kept by James Fan, a barber, soon after the introduction of coffee into England. Three years previous to the Restoration, anno 1657, he was presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's in the West, "For making and selling a sort of liquor called 'Coffee,' as a great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood," &c. Strange as it may appear, within half a century of this period, namely in 1708, there were upwards of three thousand Coffee-houses in London alone. An old author says, Who would have thought, after the prejudice against coffee, which was considered pernicious and a public nuisance, it would have been, as now, so much drunk "by the *best of quality*, and by *physicians?*"

Tobacco.

IN the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, amongst other curious documents, is an alehouse license, granted by six justices of the peace in Kent, in which the innkeeper is thus enjoined: "Item, You shall not utter, nor suffer to be uttered, drunke, or taken, any tobacco within your house, cellar, or other place thereunto belonging." This is dated in the time of James I.

Duchesse d'Abrantes.

HER writings are not better known to the world, than her kind and generous mind were to those who had remained faithful during her many and great reverses of fortune. In the zenith of powèr, when her smile or frown could give value or discredit to those who surrounded her, she was a friend of the needy, a protectress of the weak. Her position often created envy, but her winning manner, her graceful accueil converted many an envious discontented spirit into an admiring friend. In her trials and reverses she was made to feel how few are the friends and followers of prosperity whose feelings do not become chilled by the sight of adversity.

The same kind and conciliatory manner, the same noble enthusiasm, the same powers of conversation, refined and heightened by the literary career she had adopted to ward off the actual and pressing gripe of poverty, were still hers; but their value was differently estimated. The small and modest apartment could boast of but few of the *habitués* who had formerly swelled to suffocation the crowd that formerly frequented her gilded *salons*. Some few were to be found, however, surrounding her couch of pain, and never had she taken so much trouble to court and conciliate the richest nobles, the reigning princes of her own and

other lands, as she now did to show her cordial welcome, and the heartfelt pleasure she felt in beholding the faithful few, who dreamed not while listening to her brilliant wit, her sparkling reminiscences of bright fêtes in which she had been a principal actress, that the finger of death was already on her, that her moments of life and vivacity freely given for their amusement, were stimulated by the excessive use of opium, while her hours of racking pain and mental anguish were confined to her own bosom.

She died in poverty; she who had given away in charity a hundred times more than would have made her last days comparatively affluent and easy—died in want. Her last days, nay hours, disturbed by pressing, though trifling demands. She died in an *Hospital* for the destitute.

I am proud to remember that she honoured me with her esteem and friendship.

Philip II.

PHILIP II. of Spain, said satirically, but truly, that actions in themselves are nothing, it is the *result* that stamps them with right or wrong.

Beauty.

BACON says justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Jacobite Poetry.

THE following are the words to which the Jacobites sing the air of "God save the king," which was originally a Jacobite song. Copied from an inscription cut on a glass drinking cup, at Fingarth, in the Carse of Gourie, Perthshire.

God save the King, I pray,
God bless the King, I pray,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Soon to reign over us,
God save the King!

God bless the Prince of Wales,
The true born Prince of Wales*
Sent us by Thee;
Grant us one favour more,
The King for to restore,
As thou hast done before,
The familie!

This tradition may remind the reader of the answer of the Jacobite Countess, to the reproach of "not praying for the King."—"For the King, I do pray; but I do not think it necessary to tell God *who is the King*."

* From this line it appears that these verses must have been written about the time of the rebellion, 1715, or before it.

Ill-placed Confidence.

AMONG the bitter varieties of sorrow, forming the inheritance of the human kind, there are few more humiliating, more fitted to cleave into the inmost soul, than a discovery of the unworthiness of those we love; of a breach of confidence in that heart wherein we have deposited the whole treasure of our affections. There is a degree of self-abasement connected with the disappointment, which recoils with double force on our perceptions; the sharpness of the pain admits of no mitigation.

Charity of Mind.

THE happiness of life is made up of minute fractions of little *(not)* soon forgotten charities. The *humblest* may throw in their mite.

Bells.

THE sound of bells is never heard in Turkey, their necessity is superseded in the following manner: a circular gallery is built round the turrets of the mosques, where Turkish boys are stationed, who in a loud voice summon the Mahometans three times a day to prayers; at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset. They do not employ watchmen, as their maxim is, "each for himself, and God for us all."

La Mélancolie.

DE ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu?—Je n'en sais rien:
L'orage a brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien.
De son inconstante haleine,
Le zéphir, ou l'aquilon,
Depuis ce jour me promène
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre, ou m'effrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier.

A Fire Screen.

DRAW a landscape on paper with common Indian ink, representing a winter scene, a mere outline, the foliage to be painted with muriate of cobalt (green), muriate of copper (yellow), and acetate of cobalt (blue), all which colours are invisible; but on the screen being held near the fire, the gentle warmth will occasion the trees, flowers, &c. to display themselves in their natural colours, and winter is magically changed to summer. As the paper cools, the colours disappear, and the effect may be repeated as often as required.

Banquo's Son.

FLEANCE, Banquo's son, who escaped from the murderous designs of Macbeth, fled into Wales; where for some time he kept himself close, and having afterwards married Nesta, the daughter of Griffith ap Llewelin, prince of North Wales, he begat Walter, who returning into Scotland, suppressed the rebellion of the Highlanders with the reputation of so much bravery, and managed the king's revenues in those parts with so great prudence, that the king made him *Steward* of the whole kingdom of Scotland. Whereupon, this name of an office gave the surname of Stewart to his posterity: which, spreading through all parts of Scotland in many noble branches, and being advanced to several honours, hath long flourished there. Three hundred and thirty years ago, Robert Stewart, a descendant of this house, in right of Marjorie his mother, daughter of King Robert Bruce, obtained the kingdom of Scotland.

Uncertainty.

THERE are many people who falter and tremble as long as there is any mixture of doubt in their minds as to what they can, or what they ought to do, but who, the moment that doubt ceases, have power and will to dare every thing.

The Drowning Fly.

IN yonder glass behold a drowning fly,
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries we hear not, yet it loudly cries;
And gentle hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim! and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning wave?
Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die?
Thou shalt not, whilst this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die; this hand shall rescue thee.
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore;
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er.
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join thy num'rous kindred in the air.
Away it flies, resumes its harmless play,
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed;
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed!

THE first diving bell was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. The Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment

Mulgrave Family.

before the Emperor Charles V. with it, when they descended with a lighted candle to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship, sunk at Hispaniola; Charles II. gave him a ship, with every necessary for the undertaking, but being unsuccessful, Phipps returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless, but at length, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure that he returned to England with £200,000 sterling. Of this sum he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the King, and laid the foundation of the present house of Mulgrave.

Le Bonheur.

IL ne faut jamais renoncer au bonheur. Les sources du bien et du mal sont cachées, et nous ignorons laquelle doit s'ouvrir pour arroser l'espace de la vie.

AFTER the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the following lines were stuck up in every part of France:

L'on demande la convenance
De Catherine et Jesabel,
L'une Reine d'Israel,
L'autre Reine de la France,
L'une étoit de malice extrême,
Et l'autre est la malice même;
Enfin le jugement est tel,
Par une vengeance divine,
Les chiens mangèrent Jesabel,
La charogne de Catherine
Sera différente en ce cas,
Car les chiens n'en voudront pas!

The murders that Catherine is accused of, with too great probability, are a fearful list: Queen Jane of Navarre, her own son Charles IX. the Viscount de Chartres, the Secretary Lomerica, Du Guast, favourite of Henri III. and others ad infinitum.

Epitaph.

I'VE lost my mistress, horse, and wife,
And when I think on human life,
It's well it is no worse;
My mistress violent and bold,
My wife curst ugly and a scold;
I'm sorry for my horse!

Prosperity and Adversity.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance. The virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroidery it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Condé.

"ON marche lentement, sous le poids des Lauriers," was the answer of Louis XIV. to the apology of the great, but gouty Condé, for detaining him on the staircase of Versailles.

Resignation.

"THE miseries, the calamities, the heart-rendings, and the tears, which are so intimately interwoven by the great Artist in our natures as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place, our security of a future state, and in the next place, seem to slope the way before us, and by gradual opera-

tion fit our minds for viewing, with some sort of fortitude, that hideous chasm that lies between us and that state, death. View those miseries, then, as the special acts of mercy and commiseration of a beneficent Creator, who with every calamity, melts away a link of that earthly chain that fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his blessings and his goods when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment; receive his afflictions too with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude.

Thus, and not otherwise, you will realize all your Utopian flights of desire; by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations which you cannot alter, and if you could, would most assuredly alter for the worse. So limited is man, so imperfect in his nature, that the extent of his virtues borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error."

Le Tems.

LE tems passe, la vie s'écoule, l'homme meurt et s'anéantit; rien ne lui survit que le bien ou le mal qu'il a fait.

THE good things which belong to *prosperity* are to be wished, but the good things that belong to *adversity* are to be admired.

Maréchale de Luxembourg.

LA Maréchale de Luxembourg retirait de ses promenades deux effets très-salutaires, l'exercice du corps, et la satisfaction de faire du bien ; car pour ne pas être prise au dépourvu elle imagina de remplir la pomme de sa longue canne de pièces de monnaie. La Maréchale aimait les inventions singulières. Un jour, qu'elle avait une fluxion, elle imagina de faire monter une chaise à porteur dans son salon, et elle s'y trouva si bien qu'elle y resta tout l'hiver. Quel est le plus grand des deux ? lui demanda-t-on, La Fontaine, ou Molière ?—Celui-ci, répondit-elle, sans balancer, en montrant La Fontaine, est plus parfait, dans un genre moins parfait.

The Spider.

IT is an oriental idea, that the spider draws its venom from the rose ; and thus it is that too often from the sweetest sources comes the blight of happiness and human affections.

Sur Fénélon.

SOUS cette pierre repose Fénélon ; Passant, n'efface point par tes pleurs cette épitaphe, afin que d'autres la lisent, et pleurent comme toi.

Flowers.

" FLOWERS are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man."

To-morrow.

SEE where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfill'd
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises.
But do not thou
The tale believe,
They're sisters all
Born to deceive.

Letter of Marian Delorme to M. de Cinq. Mars.

Paris, Feb. 1641.

My dear Effiat,

WHILE you are forgetting me at Narbonne, and giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court and the delight of thwarting M. le Cardinal de Richelieu, I, according to your express desire, am doing the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester; and I carry him about, or rather

he carries me, from curiosity to curiosity, choosing always the most grave and serious, speaking very little, listening with extreme attention, and fixing on those whom he interrogates two large blue eyes, which seem to pierce to the very centre of their thoughts. He is remarkable for never being satisfied with any explanations which are given him; and he never sees things in the light in which they are shown him: you may judge of this by a visit we made together to Bicêtre, where he imagined he had discovered a genius in a madman. If this madman had not been actually raving, I verily believe your Marquis would have entreated his liberty, and have carried him off to London, in order to hear his extravagancies, from morning till night, at his ease. We were crossing the court of the madhouse, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, "I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which would enrich the country that adopted it." "What has he discovered?" I asked of our guide. "Oh!" he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "something trifling enough; you would never guess it: it is the use of the steam of boiling water." I began to laugh. "This man," continued the

keeper, "is named Solomon de Caus: he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages, in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. Solomon de Caus, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him for ever in his path, and annoyed to death with his folly, ordered him to be shut up in Bicêtre, where he has now been for three years and a half, and where, as you hear, he calls out to every visitor that he is not mad, but that he has made a valuable discovery. He has even written a book on the subject, which I have here."* Lord Worcester, who had listened to this account with much interest, after reflecting a time, asked for the book, of which, after having read several pages, he said, "This man is not mad. In my country, instead of shutting him up, he would have been rewarded. Take me to him,

* This book is entitled, "Les raisons de forces mouvantes avec diverses machines tant utiles que puissantes." Published 1615.

for I should like to ask him some questions."

He was, accordingly, conducted to his cell, but after a short time, he came back sad and thoughtful—"He is, indeed, mad now," said he, "misfortune and captivity have alienated his reason, but it is you who have to answer for his madness: when you cast him into that cell, you confined the greatest genius of the age."

After this, we went away, and since that time he has done nothing but talk of Solomon de Caus.

Adieu, my dear friend and faithful Henry. Make haste and come back, and pray do not be so happy where you are, as not to keep a little love for me.

MARIAN DELORME.

Physiognomy.

WAS there ever seen a smile on the lip, with which the upper part of the face agrees not in expression, that was not evidently feigned and forced,* to be the disguise of a mind ill at ease, and of a sick spirit? The mind looks through the eyes, and the brow should smile in unison with the lip, to show the joy sincere.

* This was uniformly remarked of Napoleon's smile.

A Father's Death Bed.

HOW solemn is the sick man's room,
To friends or kindred lingering near;
Poring on that uncertain gloom
In silent heaviness and fear!

How sad, his feeble hand in thine,
The start of every pulse to share;
With painful haste each wish divine,
Yet feel the hopelessness of care.

To turn aside the full fraught eye,
Lest those faint orbs perceive the tear;
To bear the weight of every sigh,
Lest it should reach that wakeful ear.

In the dead stillness of the night,
To lose the faint, faint sound of breath;
To listen in restrain'd affright,
To deprecate each thought of death.

And when a movement chased that fear,
And gave thy heart-blood leave to flow,
In thrilling awe the prayer to hear,
Through the clos'd curtain murmur'd low.

The prayer of him whose holy tongue
Had never yet exceeded truth;
Upon whose guardian care had hung
The whole dependance of thy youth.

Who noble, dauntless, frank, and mild,
Was for his very goodness fear'd;
Beloved with fondness like a child,
And like a blessed saint rever'd.

I have known friends—but who can feel
The kindness such a father knew?
I serv'd him still with tender zeal,
But knew not then how much was due.

And did not Providence ordain
That we should soon be laid as low,
No heart could such a stroke sustain,
No reason would survive the blow.

The Plague.

THE fearful progress and effects of the dreadful pestilence which visited England during the reign of Edward III. are traced by a masterly hand in the work from which this extract is made.

"In the malignancy of this extraordinary disease, it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death, it possessed itself of all its armouries, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happi-

ness at their meals, have seen the *plague-spot* begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves for ever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter: some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit,—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake.

"It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailors fled from the felons that were in fetters; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety; the grass grew in the market places; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers: the rocks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamouring at a window.

"For a time all commerce was in coffins

and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priests nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fire became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offences ceased, and no cry but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life."

Trifles.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from trifles springs,
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can serve, or save, but all may please,
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!
Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to give them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies.—But Heaven decrees
To all the gift of minist'ring to ease!
The gentle offerings of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all praise above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault,
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heaven made the bliss of man depend,
And crush'd misfortune, when it made a *friend.*
A solitary blessing few can find:
Our joys, with those we love, are intertwined.
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own!

SO little resemblance in character was there between Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. and her father Renè, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, that it is related of him, that when the news of the loss of one of his kingdoms was brought to him, while he was engaged in painting a partridge from nature, he paid no attention to the communication, nor would he see the messenger till he had given the finishing strokes to his design. Renè's compositions in music, are at this very time the delight of his native country, and indeed of Europe. He was the inventor of the Opera ballet; and the drama of *La Tentation*, lately revived with so much splendour at Paris in 1832, was originally composed by this Prince. The wild story is his own, and the delightful melodies his composition, which have been merely tamed and regulated by modern art. This Prince, adored for his beneficence by his people, who named him the "*Good*," was scorned by the destructive nobles of his era as *fainéant* and feeble-minded. After the death of his first wife, Isabella of Lorraine, he married Jeanne de Lovel. She was of so grave a character, that she was never known to laugh but once, at a pageant devised by her royal husband—namely, a boat filled with water-pipes, which played on every side, and completely drenched the spectators

that did not use some agility in getting out of the way.

Margaret's elder sister, Yolente, survived her two years; she had a beautiful daughter called Margaret of Anjou the younger. Maria Louisa, Napoleon's Empress, possessed the breviary of this Princess, in which there is one sentence supposed to have been written by the once beautiful, powerful, and admired Margaret, Queen of England, her aunt:

"Vanité des vanités, tout est vanité."

To Julia.

SWEET, be not proud of those fair eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Be ye not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons in the love-sick air,
Nor be you proud because you see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
When as that jewel which you wear
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Good Nature.

GOOD nature must be a qualification peculiar to the English, as it is remarkable that there is no term for it in any other language.

AMONG the most beautiful of the Welsh Melodies still exists the well known air of "Sweet Richard." Tradition declares this melody was composed by Owen Glendower, as a tribute of regret to his Prince, it was afterwards sung and played in the many risings in favour of Richard II. with the same powerful effect that the celebrated Jacobite airs had on the partisans of the house of Stuart.

THE following touching lines, which have been attributed to Henry VI. were probably written during his long imprisonment in the Tower.

"Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

Manner.

THERE is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

Found in Sir Walter Raleigh's Bible in the Gate House at Westminster.

EVEN such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

Speech of a Shawanese Chief to Lord Dunmore.

"I APPEAL to any white man to-day, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and he gave him not clothing. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as I went by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men! I had even thought to live with you, but the iniquities of one among you did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Cressop the last spring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of Logan, sparing neither woman nor

child. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge; I have sought it; I have killed many; revenge has been fully glutted.

"For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but harbour not the thought, that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear; he will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—not one."

Costume of a Greek Woman.

OVER the petticoat a loose jacket of white cloth, reaching to the knee, and open in front; its edges and sleeves wrought very tastefully with red cord. The head dress was composed entirely of money. A fillet of gold sequins was first put, *à la feronière*, around the forehead, and a close cap, with a throat piece like the gorget of a helmet, fitted the skull exactly, stitched with coins of all values, folded over each other according to their sizes, like scales. The hair was then braided, and fell down the back, loaded also with money. The greater proportion of pieces are *paras*, a small and thin Turkish coin of small value. Among the larger pieces are dollars and coins of all nations. This head dress often constitutes the marriage portion of the wearer.

On a Rose which was growing in a Skull.

BELLA flor donde naciste?
Que temprana fué tu suerte!
Que al primer paso que diste,
Encontraste con la muerte
Dejarte es cosa triste,
Llevarte es cosa fuerte,
Dejarte donde naciste,
Es dejarte con la muerte.

Translation by Gen. Carrol.

BEAUTEOUS flower! where hast thou grown?
How early is thy doom!
Thy scented blossoms scarce are blown,
When destined to the tomb!
'Tis hard to pluck thee at thy birth,
'Tis sad to leave thee in this bed;
To leave thee in thy native earth,
Is but to leave thee with the dead.

IN the commission of evill, feare no man so much as thy own selfe. Another is but one witnesse against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou may'st avoid, but thyself thou can'st not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

A fearful Witness.

Thirteenth Century.

LONG toed shoes were invented by Fulk, Count of Anjou, to hide an excrescence on one of his feet. These toes were so long as to be fastened to the knees with gold chains, and carved at the extreme point with the representation of a church window, a bird, or some fantastic device.

THE game of Cassino is thus played in some parts of Germany:—

Great Cassino takes sixteen.
Little Cassino—fifteen.
Every Ace—fourteen.
King—thirteen.
Queen—twelve.
Knave—eleven.

Local Associations.

PARTICULAR places become dear to the heart of man more generally by the associations attached to them, than by their beauty, convenience, or fertility. Nor is this the case only as affecting individuals, for attachment founded on memories or traditions binds tribes and nations likewise to certain spots, and this is carried so far occasionally that the mere name of a distant country will call from the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride, and hope.

On the Choice of a Wife.

ENOUGH of beauty to secure affection,
Enough of sprightliness to shun dejection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection;
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection.
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

Henry IV.

ON the night of the twentieth of January, 1608, the historian Pierre Mathieu relates, that he was present at the levee of Henry IV. of France, when that monarch said, that such had been the intense frost on that night, "his whiskers had been frozen when in bed by the side of the queen."

THE following Latin prayer was composed by Mary, Queen of Scots, and repeated by her immediately before her execution.

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te;
O care Jesu, nunc libera me;
In durâ catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ, desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
A pœnâ desidero te;
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me."

IN the year 1429, the same year Margaret of Anjou was born, Jargeau was taken by the Maid of Orleans. The Duke of Suffolk was the governor of the town, and when great part of the garrison was slain, being hard pressed to surrender by William Renaud, the following colloquy passed between them in the breach: "Are you a gentleman?" demanded Suffolk, finding it impossible to escape. "I am," replied Renaud. "But are you a knight?" rejoined the Earl. "I am not," answered Renaud. "Kneel down, then," said Suffolk, "that I may make you one, for I cannot otherwise yield to you." This was accordingly done, and affords a rich characteristic of the age of chivalry.

To the Memory of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton.

"My arm a nobler victory never gained."

WEEP for the brave! yet wherefore weep?
On honour's bed he laid him down,
Distinguish'd 'mid the mighty heap,
Encircled with the hero's crown.

Weep for the brave! the tear shall tell
Beyond the sculptor's proudest art;
Though Picton, gallant Picton fell,
He lives enshrin'd in England's heart.

True Magnanimity.

HATH any wronged thee? be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself, that is not above an injury. Was it not Plato who said, that when an injurious speech was offered to him, he placed himself so high that it could not reach him?

On a Music Master who after gaining Credit of many, ran away in every one's Debt.

HIS *time* was short, his touch was neat,
Our gold he freely finger'd;
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His movements have not linger'd.
Where lies the wonder of the case?
A moment's thought detects it;
His practice has been *Thoro-base*,
A chord will be his exit!
Yet while we blame his hasty flight
Our censure may be rash;
A traveller is surely right
To change his *notes* for *cash*.

The Emperor and the Opera Dancer.

THE insurrection and popular tumult which took place during the first days of the reign of the present Emperor of Russia, Nicolas, are facts well known; yet it may not be

uninteresting to relate some of the circumstances attending the substitution of the Grand Duke Nicolas Paulowitsch in place of his brother the Grand Duke Constantine, who had abdicated, as was declared, and renounced his right to the crown in consequence of the marriage which had been in opposition, it was stated, to the opinions of his family, and by them averred, with his own abdication of his rights in favour of his brother Nicolas. After the, to say the least, awfully mysterious death of Alexander, the Archduke Constantine's abdication was thus explained.

It was towards the end of 1825 that St. Petersburg was the scene of the struggle between the subjects and the sovereign; marked, in the first instance, by the fearless and intrepid exposure of his own royal person, and in the latter, by the terrible vengeance and inflictions with which many of the agents of this revolt were made to suffer by the merciless decree of the new Emperor. Even where life was spared, scarcely preferable to death were the punishments awarded indiscriminately, and without mitigation to age, youth, or sex.

Amongst the nobler victims of the Autocrat's implacable revenge, was the Prince Troubeitzkoi, a young colonel, but lately married to the daughter of one of the most distinguished mem-

bers of the diplomacy at St. Petersburg. This unfortunate man had sought a refuge in the house of his father in law; but his retreat being discovered to Nicolas, he was pursued, and with the trembling ambassador carried before the Emperor. The Prince Troubeitzkoi, throwing himself on his knees, implored his clemency, and in tears the wretched parent pleaded his youth and the sincerity of his repentance. Disdaining to reply to the prostrate nobleman, Nicolas turned to the ambassador, saying that, in consideration for him, the life of his son in law was granted, but that his name would be added to those who were sentenced to the *second* degree of punishment.

"To lay their head on the block whilst reeking with the blood of their accomplices, and afterwards to hard labour for life, in exile: that exile, Siberia!"

Before relating the fate of any of the other conspirators, we will add to the sad story of this young couple, that the wife sued for and obtained leave to follow her husband into banishment; she nobly shared his trials, his privations, and his labours in the mines. Her devotion had no limit; and it was by the trifling produce of her industry that she sustained her family. Five times, in these desolate regions, she became a mother. In the year 1838, she

gave her husband a fresh proof of her sublime and unwearying affection. She quitted Siberia, and alone crossing the dreadful country, after a journey of *sixteen hundred leagues*, she threw herself at the feet of the Emperor, and implored his pardon for her husband.

The autocrat was inflexible, and forbade the name of the individual who had dared to conspire against his person, to be mentioned in his presence.

The wretched wife withdrew, and again retrod the desert path to exile and her husband.

Four years subsequently, this hapless victim again resolved to undertake this dreadful journey, and to make another effort to soften the iron will of her sovereign. And this time she succeeded, through the influence of—*an opera dancer!* * * * *

Marie Taglioni had by her talent, and her good qualities, acquired the favour and indulgence of the Emperor and the Empress. Whilst none dared to speak in behalf of the miserable exiles, or to utter the suppliant's cry for mercy, it was suggested, that probably Marie Taglioni would venture to lay the petition at the Sovereign's feet; she did so, and, aided by the noble intercession of the Empress, the pardon was obtained; and after sixteen years banishment the Prince Troubeitzkoï was released, but on

the condition of never approaching the Russian territory.

A REFLECTION is attributed to the illustrious historian Edward Gibbon, which those who are capable of giving it just value ought more frequently to apply.

"My lot," he says, "might have been that of a peasant, a slave, or a savage; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune."

LADY Wortley Montague says of the Hervey family, "They were a clever but eccentric race, and of whom it was observed, that the world consisted of men, women, and Herveys."

Coquetry.

TACITUS remarks of Poppea, the Queen of Nero, that she concealed a part of her face: to the end, that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think more highly of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed.

Charles V.

CHARLES V. spoke five languages: the Flemish, the German, the Spanish, the French, and the Italian. He used to say, that to employ the vulgar languages according to the use for which they were most proper, he would speak Italian to the ladies, French to men, German to horses, and Spanish to God. He used also to say, the Portuguese appeared to be madmen, and were so; the Spaniards appeared to be wise, and were not so; the Italians appeared to be wise, and were so; the French appeared to be madmen, and were not such. That the Germans spoke like carmen, the English like simpletons, the Italians like lovers, the French like masters, and the Spaniards like kings.

Family MSS.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Leycester, Extraordinary Embassador for his Majesty of Great Britain with the King of France.

My Lord,

I HAVE received a great honour and favour from your Lordship, that you would think upon a servant so far off, which I can but acknowledge, being unable to requite. For news (which is the Embassador's philosophie), I have so many employments of my vocation, and now so little means to enquire near at

hand, as I am utterly ignorant of any thing worth writing; but that I hear your Lordship hath given his Majesty very good satisfaction in his business, and planted in him a great opinion of your abilities. I heartily wish your Lordship may likewise find a proportionable compensation for both at your return. No man shall be more glad to see your Lordship in the right place of your merit than

Your Lordship's humble and
faithful servant,
BEN. RUDYARD.

St. James's Lodge,
20 June, 1637.

Man was made to mourn.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged steps
Seem'd weary worn with care,
His face was furrow'd o'er with age,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?

Or haply prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty Lordship's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty years return,
And every time has added proof
That man was made to mourn!

Oh man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time,
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime;
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn,
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn!

Look not alone on youthful prime,
On manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want—oh, ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn!

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest,
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:
But oh, what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn!

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame,
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn!

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had surely ne'er been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

Oh Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest;
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn,
But oh! a blest relief to those
Who weary laden mourn!

TWO opposite opinions should not lie on the same bolster.

AFFLICTIONS are sent us by Providence to teach us to recollect our ways.

Sir Thomas More.

QUOD mihi dixisti,
De corpore Christi,
Crede quod edas, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo Palfrido,
Crede quod habeas, ut habes.

This was a witty satire on the zeal of Sir Thomas for the dogma of the Romish church, Transubstantiation.

It was by Sir Thomas More that Hans Holbein was introduced to King Henry VIII. He resided during three years at his patron's house at Chelsea. Holbein was born at Augsburgh in 1495 or 8. His father was a citizen of that place, and an esteemed painter. At Basil in Switzerland he became known to Erasmus, who sent him with his introduction to England, to Sir Thomas More.

Thought.

YOU think me in danger of becoming an unhappy being, from my turn of thought and taste. Young as I am, I feel the truth of your observation. I differ from those I converse with, they mortify and disappoint me, I draw back with disgust; I raise wonder, and perhaps hatred also. Sometimes my reserve is construed into pride and affectation. When I

am talkative my ideas are laughed at, as inconsistent with the opinions of the world; my conduct and character are not understood, and I am stigmatized with being romantic, that is, ridiculous. What am I to do? either I must give up the world or my own faculties. Am I born to say, "Yes, certainly," and "that's right," when my conviction impels me to say, "No, I doubt," and "that's wrong?"

Providence.

JUST as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Yearns tow'rds her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feeling, and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still.
So Providence! for us high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task;
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies, because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying, grants.

Cromwell.

"CROMWELL was formed to delude the minds of men. His hypocrisy, a thing far removed from what is ordinarily known by that name, was fervent, and excited sympathy, and created awe in the beholders. The bluntness of his manner, and the occasional familiarity of his deportment, even to the entire emptying himself of all extrinsic and accidental greatness, won the favour of those with whom he had intercourse. There was something deep in his conceptions, that none of his assistants could fathom. He was moderate in his temper, and forbearing in his actions; never allowing himself in violence more frequently, or to a greater extent, than was necessary to his purposes. Add to which the firmness and courage of his spirit, and the greatness of his abilities, whether to procure intelligence, or to overawe the insidiousness and crooked hostility of foreign courts: and we shall own that he was most singularly fitted for the station he filled."*

Spanish Proverb.

WHEN the child is christened, you may have godfathers enough: when a man's need is supplied, or his necessities over, people are ready to offer their assistance or service.

* This character of Oliver Cromwell was drawn by William Godwin, author of the Life of Milton's Nephews, E. and J. Philips.

GOOD Chancellor Van,
(Who's a very wise man),
Would persuade poor John Bull,
(Who's a bit of a fool,)
That *paper*, though *rags*,
(This is one of his brags)
Is as good as pure gold.
And yet we are told
He'd entail degradation
On our brave sister nation,
For merely believing *Transubstantiation*.
You'd have reason'd much better,
Dear Van, had you said,
That your wig block, though wood,
Was as good as your head.

Hyder Ali Khan.

IN the following extract from the speech of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, on the subject of the Nabob of Arcot's debts, the reader is led by all the enthusiasm of characteristic feeling and the ornamental graces of imagination which distinguished that orator, to the contemplation of a great though savage mind, which he so strongly paints as struggling against the toils of oppressive power, and in the operation of determined revenge, *collecting*, *calculating*, *and measuring* the vengeance with which he purposed to visit his oppressors.

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatick an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and, compounding all the materials of fury, havock, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which black-

ened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatick. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havock. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together those creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance

of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras. Every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions. For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatick for hun-

dreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, (I wish to be understood as speaking literally; I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent) that hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatick. Six or seven districts to the North and to the South (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Seal.

THE *Seal* displays a taste for music. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune whistled has attraction for them.

Thought.

THERE is perhaps no pang so acute, no sentiment so humiliating to the heart of woman, as the consciousness of awakening distrust, when she most deserved to have inspired confidence.

Pride of Birth.

IT is the present fashion to consider the pride of descent as an empty pretension, but it cannot be denied that it is a pretension which has been regarded in every country, in all ages. There are many sound philosophical arguments in favour of a regard to birth, which pretenders to deeper reasoning do not appear to be aware of. It is a counteraction to the undue influence of wealth and mere brutal power. It is impossible to prevent the accumulation of wealth in the basest of the people, at least in a free country! The easiest paths to wealth are the meanest and least virtuous. However, the most current opinion is that *wealth is wealth*, and that he who can spend the most is the most important man; and that it is idle and childish to pay any attention as to how and whence he got it. But true aristocracy knows its own place, and holds firm to it; and various are the effects it has on the mind which cannot be analysed by language. It has a tendency to create a lofty sort of sentiment, rather than a low and selfish gratification, as the guide of the thoughts and the conduct. It would find a thousand ideal comforts in adversity and obscurity, which new families, thrown back into poverty, cannot command.

The Pretender.

JAMES II. of England married the Princess Maria d'Este, the sister of Francis, Duke of Modena, who was as beautiful as she was unfortunate. The Queen having been married some time without having children, when this event did take place, malice, falsehood, envy, and intrigue were active in declaring the heir thus born to be "a supposititious Prince of Wales." This tissue of forgery and falsehood still farther tended to affect the popularity of the king, and bring his person and throne into disrepute. However, upon the whole mass and evidence of history that is presented, the only conclusion to be drawn was this, and only this, that the Prince of Wales, so far from being "supposititious," was royally and legally born the lawful successor of his father's throne and realms.

THAT prattling Cloe fibs," forsooth,
Demure and silent Cynthia cries;
But falsely! for can aught but truth
Flow from a tongue that *never lies*.

Thought.

AH! how can a wife, she who bears his name, and shares, or ought to share, his lot, how can she ever be entirely effaced from the recollection of an honest man?

Duke of Buckingham.

GEORGE VILLIERS, second Duke of Buckingham, the dissolute favourite of Charles II. is thus described by Dryden in his poem of Absalom and Achitophel.

"A man so various, that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
His every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, when still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they—had his estate."

At the time of King Charles's death, he went into the country, and on the 16th of April, 1688, he died at a servant's house at Rickby Meerside, from a cold caught by sitting on the ground after fox-hunting.

Pope in his Epistle to Lord Bathurst, thus alludes to his death.

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape tied curtains, never meant to draw;

The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies. Alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim."

A Portrait.

STRONG intellect, perception quick and clear,
Talents more prone to dazzle than to warm,
Virtues which serve those talents to endear,
Feelings which lend a fascinating charm;
A winning countenance and glowing soul,
Insinuating manners soft and mild,
Genius, submitting to the proud control
Of Judgment, Reason's best and favourite child:
Nature design'd this creature to be great,
But *Vanity* behind the matron stole,
And ere she closed the volume of his fate,
Wrote her own name, and propertied the whole.

Churchyards in Denmark.

IT is customary in Denmark to surround each grave with doleful or cheerful shrubs, at the fancy of the survivors: thus alternate thickets of roses and of cypress, of lilacs and of juniper, give the air of a garden to every churchyard.

Machiavelli.

MACHIAVELLI naquit à Florence le 9 Mai 1469, d'une noble famille Italienne. Il entra aux affaires en 1494, à 29 ans. En 1498 il était Secrétaire du Conseil des Dix, et pendant 14 ans employé dans les plus graves négociations. Machiavelli a acquis une grande réputation parmi les hommes, surtout comme auteur du *Prince*, ouvrage qu'il écrivit après la chute de la république de Florence. Il mourut en 1527, le 22 Juin, de douleur d'entrailles. Le Grand Duc Leopold a fait placer cette épitaphe très remarquable sur son tombeau : *Tanto nomini, nullum par elogium.* Machiavelli était doué d'une incroyable perspicacité. Il était tout esprit, et tout étude ; le plus grand observateur des faits ; il a prodigieusement travaillé et pratiqué le mécanisme social, et le caractère humain.

Dante.

THIS famous Italian poet of the thirteenth century lived at Verona, on a pension from Prince Scaliger,* but so moderate, that poor as he was, he could scarcely exist.

* From whom Julius Cæsar Scaliger, the great critic, pretended to be descended, and from the princes of Verona of the same name. He had been a Cordelier, but left his monkish habit for the world. To conceal his real origin he sojourned in France.

TRANSLATION of the petition sent by the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, who was lately seized and put to death for political purposes in India.

To the High and Mighty Servant of the most powerful Prince George, King of Great Britain, his most lowly and humble slave comes praying for mercy for the father of her children.

Most mighty Sir,

May the blessing of thy God ever await thee!

May the sun of glory shine round thy head!

May the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be always open to thee and thine!

May no sorrows distress thy days!

May no grief disturb thy nights!

May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek!

The pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams!

And when length of time makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence,

May the angels of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that thy expiring lamp of life shall not receive one wide blast to hasten its extinction.

O! hearken to the voice of distress,

And grant the petition of thy servant:

Spare, oh! spare the father of my children, the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that's dear.

Consider, oh! consider, he did not become what he is by iniquity, and that what he possesses was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors,

Who, in those smiling days, when the intruders of Great Britain were not heard of in the fertile plains of Indostan, reaped their harvest in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested.

Think, oh! think, that the God whom thou worshippest delighteth not in the blood of the innocent; remember thy own commandment, "*Thou shalt not kill*," and obey the order of Heaven.

Give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth.

Strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and silver, but take not away the life of my husband.

Innocence is sealed on his brow,

And the milk of human kindness flows round his heart.

Let us wander through the deserts, let us become tillers and labourers on the delightful spot of which he was once the master:

But spare, oh! mighty Sir, spare his life!

Let not the instrument of death be lifted against him, for he has committed *no crime.*

Accept those treasures from gratitude, which at present thou takest by force; we will remember thee in our prayer, and forget we were once rich and powerful.

My children, the children of my Almas Ali, send up their petitions for the life of him who gave them life.

They beseech from thee the author of their existence.

By that humanity we are told glows in the breasts of Europeans;

By the tender mercy of enlightened souls of Englishmen;

By the honour, virtue, and maternal affection of thy great Queen,

Whose numerous offspring are so dear to her; the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save her husband's life, and restore him to her arms.

Thy God will reward thee:

They will thank thee:

And the now petitioning, will pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humble vassal

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

It is painful to reflect that such an appeal

was vain. The petition of the wretched Almassa was presented to the great man in power. It was disregarded, and her husband met his fate.

Volcanos.

THERE is great probability that Mount Vesuvius near Naples, and Mount Etna in Sicily, are the different parts of the same continuation of one chain of mountains, which passes under the sea, and the Isle of Lipari; for every time that one of these mountains breaks forth in flames, the other is seen on fire, and the volcano in the Isle of Lipari burns more fiercely than usual.

Saint George.

SAINT George, a soldier saint of great eminence, both in the Eastern and Western churches, known also by the particular name of Tropheophorus, suffered martyrdom at Lyddea in Palestine, under the persecution of Dioclesian, A. D. 302. He is supposed to have been interred at Lyddea, or Diospulia.

'TIS a sweet flower, the late, late rose,
That decks the sallow autumn;
And those, the dearest beams of joy,
That burst when least we sought 'em.

*On Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.**
By Sir Henry Wootton.

YOU meaner beauties of the night
That weaklie satisfie our eies,
More by your number than your lighte,
Like common people of the skies,
What are yee, when the moone doth rise?

Ye violettes that first appeare,
Your pride in purple garments showne,
Takeing possession of the yeere
As if the spring were all your owne,
What are you when the rose is blowne?

Ye glorious trifles of the East,
Whose lustres estimations raise,
Pearles, rubies, saphires and the rest,
Of precious caskets, what's your praise
When the diamond shows his rayes?

* This amiable daughter of Charles I. supported her unhappy situation with great dignity, and showed, amidst the most distressing poverty, an illustrious example of magnanimity. In bequeathing her portrait to her nephew, Sir Henry Wootton thus expresses himself:

"I leave to the most hopeful prince, the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune."

Sir Henry Wootton died Dec. 1639, aged seventy-two. He retained the Provostship of Eton to his death, and was buried in the chapel of the college.

Ye warblinge chanters of the wood,
That fill the eares with nature's laies,
Thinkinge your passions understood
By weaker accents, what's your praise
When Philomell her voice doth raise?

Soe when my princesse shall bee seene,
In sweetness of her lookes and mynde,
By vertue first, then choice a queene,
Tell mee if shee were not design'd
The eclipsinge glorie of her kynde?

The rose, the violettes, the whole springe,
For sweetness to her breath must runne;
The diamond's darken'd in the ringe;
If shee appeare the moon's undonne,
As with the presence of the sunne.

Thought.

AS a material of human happiness or misery, temper is infinitely more important, because so much oftener brought into use, than high-mindedness; opportunity for a generous action may occur perhaps once in a year, while temper is actively at work for good or evil during every hour of our existence.

IN 1623 fire fell from heaven, which threw all Germany into consternation.

Origin of Coats of Arms.

THEIR origin is not prior to the twelfth century, that is to say, the time of the crusades. As noblemen from all the various nations of Europe were collected in the Holy Land, and as they had no names but their baptismal ones, they agreed, in order to distinguish each other, to assume armorial ensigns, which in general expressed the name and title of the bearer, as John de la Tour, by a tower, &c.

Lord Bacon.

THE Lord Chancellor of England was the greatest genius of his age, and endued with extraordinary talents and inclination to promote the cause of literature. He died at the age of sixty-six, and so poor, that there remains a letter of his to the king, praying his bounty, "lest he, who had only wished to live to study, might be obliged now to study to live." . He was born to instruct others, and to set them in the right way to be teachers themselves.

Bells.

BELLS were first brought into use by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the Campania of Rome: hence a bell was called Nola, or Campagna.* At first they were called saints: hence toc-saint, or tocsin.

* In the Italian language.

Arthur's Round Table.

ARTHUR, King of the Britons, who flourished about 516 A. D. whose valour was so great that the accounts of it appear fabulous rather than real, having vanquished the Saxons and effectually driven them out of his kingdom after twelve successive battles (in one of which, fought at Caerbadon in Berkshire, it is asserted he killed no less than 440 of the enemy with his own hand), and also conquered Norway, Sweden, the principal part of France, was crowned at Paris. On his return home in great splendour, a vast concourse of foreign princes and valiant knights flocked from all parts of the world to his court; the king, unwilling to create controversies amongst his noble guests, by seeming to give precedence to one more than another, caused an immense round table to be erected in the great hall at Winchester, where he then held his court, at which it was so managed that no person could take place of another. He selected a fraternity of four and twenty, and elected it into an order of knighthood, dignifying the knights whom he chose companions with the title of "Knights of King Arthur's round table," himself to be their chief. These princely meetings were annually held with great pomp at Winchester.

*By Sir Walter Raleigh, in the unquiett rest of his last sickness.**

ETERNAL Mover, whose diffused glory
To shew our groveling reason what thou art,
Infoldes itself in cloudes of restless story,
Where man (the proudest creature) acts his parte;
Whom yett, alas! I know not why, we call
The world's contracted sunn, the little all.

For what are wee, but lumpes of walking clay?
What are our vaunts? whence should our spirits rise?
Are not brute beasts as strong, and birds as gay;
Trees longer liv'd, and creeping thinges as wise?
Onlie our Soules recieve more inward light,
To feel our weakness, and confess thy might.

Lett these pure noates ascend unto thie throne,
Where majestie doth sitt with mercy crown'd;
Where my redeemer lives, in whome alone
The errors of my wandringe life are drown'd.
Where all the quire of heaven resound thi fame,
That none but thine, thine is the saving name.

* Raleigh was born in 1552, and executed 29th October, 1618, to the eternal disgrace of the reign of James I.

Therefore my Soule, Joye in the midst of paine,
That Christ, that conquer'd Hell, shall from above
With greater triumphs yett returne againe,
And conquer his own justice with his love;
Commandinge earth and Seas to render those
Unto his bliss, for whome hee pay'd his woes.

Nowe have I doune, now are my joies at peace,
And now my joies are stronger than my griefe;
I feele those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hopes, but present in reliefe.
Thy words are true, thy promises are just,
And thou wilt knowe thy marked flock in dust.

THE Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, made a solemn offering of the *holy heart* of St. George, the tutelary Saint of England, upon the altar of St. George's chapel at Windsor, during his visit in 1416 to Henry V.

Duelling.

AT Malta, duelling is permitted by *law*, but under this curious restriction; the duellists are enjoined on the severest penalties, to desist and put up their swords at the desire of a *priest*, a *woman*, or a *knight*.

Delight in disorder.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse,
Kindles in cloaths a wantonesse,
A lawne about the shoulders throwne,
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there,
Enthral the crimson stomacher;
A cuffe neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to fly confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat:
A careless shoe-string, in whose tye,
I see a wilde civility,
Does more bewitche me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

Lord Strafford's Meditations in the Tower. MSS. (Harl.)

GO, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sad sweet silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height,
Whose danger none can see aright
Whilst your false splendors dim the sight.

Go, and ensnare,
With your trim ware,

Some other worldly wight,
And cheat him with your flattering sight!
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth, and power,
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause;
Let him not fear the curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown;
But dream on something like a crown,
Then, climbing upwards, tumble down!

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With star-like troops on every side;
For number and clear light,
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite,
And blind them both in one dead night!

Welcome, sad night,
Grief's sole delight!
Thy mourning best agrees
With honor's funeral obsequies.
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
When too much sun light dims his eyes.

Was he too bold
Who needs would hold
With curbing reins to sway,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey?
Therefore as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In *Charles's Waine* too hastily!

I fall! I fall!
Whom shall I call?
Alas! shall I be heard,
Who now am neither lov'd nor fear'd?
You, who have vow'd the ground
To kiss, where my blest steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound!

Now each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
Whilst from their glorious seat,
Their influence gives light and heat.
But oh! how few there are,
(Though danger from the act be far,)
Will run to catch a falling star!

O! wer't our fate
To imitate
Those lights, whose pallidness
Argues no inward quietness!
Their course is one way bent,
Which is the course, there's no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament.

Time.

EVERY year steals away something from us. In one we lose a relation, in the next a friend; health grows more precarious, and pleasure less alluring, till by degrees the whole little mass of happiness we had been gathering drops from us insensibly, and that grave, which we had once looked on with so much horror, becomes at last our refuge and shelter.

Selfish to lament.

WHEN fate relentless makes the good man die,
Why flows the bitter tear, why heaves the sigh?
Short is his passage to the realms of rest,
O! then, how selfish 'tis to mourn the blest!
Lamented *father!* how few can truly feel
The ardent charity, the friendly zeal
That strove in thee, through life, with active power:
And more—that hope, which cheer'd thy parting hour.
To know thee thus, we dry the falling tear,
And ill-timed sorrow were unseemly here:
The mortal yields to God his parting breath;
The Christian's soul's great triumph is in death.

POUR ceux qui pensent, il n'y a point de langue étrangère.

From the Spanish of George de Montemayor.

HERE on the cold clear Egla's breezy side
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffered now the lock, and now denied,
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false maid with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover;
And vowed, and wept, till hope had ceased to fear,
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.
One evening, on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid, too well beloved, sat with me,
And with her finger traced upon the sand
Death for Diana—not inconstancy.
And Love beheld us from his secret stand,
And marked his triumph, laughing to behold me;
To see me trust a writing traced in sand;
To see me credit what a woman told me.

Phrenology.

THOSE ingenious gentlemen, the metaphysicians, who have enlightened the world by explaining away the fundamental doctrines of religion, and the principles of human actions and convictions, among other startling discoveries, have introduced a theory on good and evil actions, exceedingly applicable, com-

fortable, and welcome to all mankind; as it does away with conscience and duty, and makes virtue and vice affairs of physical temperament or organization—in other words, that a man's merit or demerit is not, as they hold, to be estimated by his deeds, but by the amount of inclination with which he commits them. Men, according to those philosophers, are born with particular inclinations, which lead them insensibly and directly to particular vices or virtues, or, with some peculiar organizations, to all the vices or all the virtues. By this reasoning it appears that it is as difficult for one man to commit a certain crime, as for another to forbear; and, as a natural consequence, that since a man is not accountable for his inclination, the guilt incurred by committing it, is of very unequal account; and that if a man be not praiseworthy for abstaining from a crime towards which he has no inclination, neither is a man blameable for committing it, if he is strongly inclined to it. Nature, not man, ought to be blamed or commended; and the being able to lay the sin of vice or crime to the account of organization, will materially facilitate the completion of it.

STOVES, in Germany, produce on one the effect of living in company with a person blind.

Christina, Queen of Sweden.

IN the year 1657, these walls (Fontainebleau) were polluted by a crime which had no parallel in the records of modern times. The murder of Monaldeschi, and all its particulars, as related so naïvely by Le Père Lobel, are too well known to make it necessary to detail them: but the letter that the haughty Christina wrote to the minister Mazarin, when the king's displeasure was signified by him to her, is less frequently quoted. It is a masterpiece of effrontery and insolence; yet, a fortnight after receiving it, both the king and cardinal paid a solemn visit of reconciliation to the royal murderess.

Letter of Christina, Queen of Sweden to Cardinal Mazarin.

"Monsieur Mazarin,

"THOSE who have detailed to you the affair of Monaldeschi, my equerry, were very ill-informed. I think it strange that you should compromise so many people in order to inform yourself of a fact which does not concern you. I ought not to be astonished at your conduct, however absurd it may be; but I could have scarcely credited, that either you or your proud young master, would have dared to exhibit towards me any marks of resentment.

"Learn, all of you, valets and masters, great

and little, that it was my pleasure to act as I have done: and that I neither am obliged, nor will render an account of my actions to anybody, be they who they may; above all, to a *braggadocio* like you. You give yourself singular airs for a personage of your rank; but whatever reasons you may have had to write to me, I do not care enough about them to concern myself on the subject for a single instant. I desire you to know, and to repeat it to whomsoever it may concern, that Christina is totally indifferent to the opinion of your court, and still less to yours; that I have no occasion, in order to compass my own vengeance, to have recourse to your formidable power.

"My honour required what was done; my will is a law which it is your part to respect: to be silent is your duty; and there are many persons for whom I have no more regard than for yourself, who would do well to learn how to conduct themselves towards their equals, before they venture to make more disturbances than is requisite.

"Know further, Monsieur le Cardinal, that Christina is a Queen, wherever she may chance to reside; and in whatever place it is her pleasure to live, the persons who surround her, cheats, though they may be, are better than you and your confederates. The Prince de Condé

was right, when he exclaimed, at the time when you kept him prisoner so inhumanly, at Vincennes, 'This old fox will never cease to outrage all the good friends of the state, until, at last, the parliament shall turn off, or severely punish, this illustrious rascal of *Piscena*.' Take my advice then, Jules; conduct yourself in a manner to merit my favour; it is a study to which you cannot too much apply. God preserve you from ever daring to utter the least word against me; for, were I at the other end of the world, I should be aware of your proceedings. I have friends and courtiers in my service, who are as adroit and as watchful as any you can boast of, although they may not be so well bribed."

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd.

MR. Gifford, in his edition of Ben Jonson's works, says "There is a beautiful and touching sublimity in the second of these Epigrams, which cannot be too highly prized." And it may with justice be added, that it will remain a lasting memorial of the worth and excellence of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd.

To Benjamin Rudyerd.

Epigram CXXI.

RUDYERD, as lesser dames to great ones use,
My lighter, comes to kiss thy learned muse;

Whose better studies while she emulates,
She learns to know long difference of their states.
Yet is the office not to be despised,
If only love should make the actions prized;
Nor he for friendship can the thought unfit,
That strives his manners should precede his wit.

To the same.

Ep. CXXII.

If I would wish for truth, and not for show,
The aged Saturn's age, and rites to know;
If I would strive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
If I would virtue set, as she was young,
And hear her speak with one and her first tongue;
If holiest friendship naked to the touch
I would restore, and keep it ever such,
I need no other arts but study thee,
Who prov'st all these were, and again may be.

Not the less flattering to the talents and judgment of Sir Benjamin is the following—

Ep. CXXIII.

To the same.

Writing thyself, or judging others' writ,
I know not which thou'st most, candour or wit;
But both thou hast so, as he who affects the state
Of the best writer and judge should emulate.

King of Prussia's Guard.

WHEN Frederick the Great was forming his Regiment of Royal Guards, it is said, that the monarch was so anxious to obtain tall men, that his corporals often took them by force, wherever they could find them. On one occasion they carried the wish of their sovereign so far, that they took the "heyduc" of the French ambassador, the moment he had quitted his carriage to attend the levee. However, on a complaint from the ambassador, the servant was restored to his master.

It is also related of this ambassador, that on his first audience he came highly perfumed; the great Frederick, who was more accustomed to the smell of gunpowder than of musk, could not refrain from very visibly showing his dislike. The ambassador observed it, and felt much embarrassed. The day being stormy, "De quel côté, sa Majesté croit-elle," said he, "que le vent vient?" The king abruptly replied, "De France, votre Excellence."

Premature Judgment.

NEVER judge harshly from appearances, or pertinaciously form a decided opinion, unless there is sufficient demonstration to prevent future regret.

BENVENUTO CELLINI arrived in France in 1537, but, offended by the cold reception of Il Rosso,* he resolved, notwithstanding the *gracious welcome* of Francis I. to return to Italy almost immediately, where he was imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. By the generous intervention of Francis, he was at length released, and returned to France, where he was most royally provided for; nevertheless, his pride, and jealousy of Primatice, kept him in constant agitation, and at length wearied out the king, whose inclination was always obliged to yield to his caprice; and at last he abandoned the greatest advantages which ever were offered to an artist, and quitted France for ever —a step he never ceased to regret. On one occasion, he went to St. Germains with a vase of silver-gilt, destined for the Duchesse d'Etampes, and was so irritated at the loss of time which he was obliged to submit to before he could be admitted to her presence, that he hurried away, and in the height of his indignation offered the vase to the Cardinal de Lorraine as a present.

Another instance of his furious temper is sufficiently remarkable. He tells, in his confessions, that one of his models, a beautiful

* A Painter of fresques.

French girl, named Catherine, who sat to him for thirty sous a day, having offended him, "Giving way entirely to my rage, I seized her by the hair, and dragged her about the room, *kicking and beating her till I was quite fatigued.* She swore she never would come near me again; but the next morning at day-break, she came, threw herself on my neck, covered me with kisses, and asked if *I was still angry with her.*"

SADI, poëte Persan, dit, "que la sagesse est de jouir—la bonté de faire jouir."

Mind and Body.

SAYS Mind to Body t'other day,
As on my chin I plied my razor,
"Pray tell me, does that glass pourtray
Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?

"That youthful face, which bloom'd so sleek,
As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
Has lost its roses, and your cheek
Is falling into fearful hollows.

"The crow's fell foot has set its sign
Beside that eye, which dimly twinkles;
And look! what means that ugly line?
Gadzooks, my friend, you're getting wrinkles!

"That form which ladies once could praise
Would now inspire them with a panic;
Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
Or else you'll soon be aldermanic.

"At sight of that dismantled top,
My very heart, I must confess, aches;
Once famous as a Benter's crop,
You now are balder than Lord Essex.

"Since Waites' decease, your teeth decline,
Finding no beautifier near them;
Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine,
Well may they call him *Edax rerum.*

"Behold, your cheeks are quite bereft
Of their two laughter loving dimples;
And pretty substitutes they've left,
(Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!

"The fashions which you used to lead,
So careless are you or so thrifty,
You most neglect when most you need;
A sad mistake, when nearly fifty."

"Stop! stop!" says Body, "let us pause,
Before you reckon more offences;
Since you yourself may be the cause
Of all these dismal consequences.

"The sword, you know, wears out the sheath;
By steam are broken vessels scatter'd;

And when volcanos rage beneath,
The surface must be torn and scatter'd.

" Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
Their tegument of clay outwearing,
Done infinitely more than years
To cause the ravage you're declaring?

" If you yourself no symptom show
Of age—no wrinkles of the spirit;
If still for friends your heart can glow,
Your purse be shared with starving merit;

" If yet, to sordid sins unknown,
No avarice in your heart has started;
If you have not suspicious grown,
Sour, garrulous, or narrow hearted;

" You still are young! and o'er my face,
(Howe'er its features may be shaded)
Shall throw the sunshine of your grace,
And keep the moral part unfaded.

" Expression is the face's soul,
Of head and heart the emanation;
Insensible to time's control,
Free from the Body's devastation.

If you're still twenty, I'm no more:
Counting by *years*, how folks have blunder'd;
Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
And Fontenelle, at near a hundred!"

Love.

ALL that has been written in song, or told in story, of love and its effects, falls far short of its reality. Its evils and its blessings, its impotence and its power, its sin and its holiness, its weakness and its strength, will continue the theme of nature and of art, until the great pulse of the universe is stilled. Arising from the depths of misery, descending from heaven the most direct and evident manifestation of a divine and self-sacrificing spirit, it is at once the tyrant and the slave. Happier as the latter than as the former, for the perfection of love is obedience; the power of obeying what we love is, at all events, the perfection of a woman's happiness.

Wedding Rings.

THE wedding ring was not at first of gold, but of iron adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and perpetuity of the contract. Howbeit, it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be made of; the form of it being round and without end, doth import that love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth finger of the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence unto the heart.

Impromptu in a Post-chaise, on seeing some Boys playing at See-saw.

SAYS Hope to Grief one low'ring day,
"Cast off those looks of sorrow;
Come, dry your tears, and let us play:
All may be well to-morrow."

"Alas!" cries Grief, "no leisure hour
The Gods assign my fate;
On love or friendship, fame or power,
I'm ever doom'd to wait."

"Never," cries Hope, with winning smile,
"Nourish my foe Despair;
Yon hamlet see, let's join awhile
The boys at see-saw there."

Now purple lights and balmy gales
Play round the radiant maid;
Her angel look at once prevails,
Grief sigh'd—but still obey'd.

Hope featly pois'd the trembling beam,
Grief made no further pother;
The spectre sat at one extreme,
The fairy at the other.

Then came Despair with low'ring frown,
With scowling eye he gazed;
For lo! the heavier *Grief* weigh'd down,
The higher *Hope* was rais'd.

But Mercy, e'en by angels blest,
Smil'd from her starry scope,
To see that Grief, the more deprest,
Looks up the more to Hope!

IT is painful to describe the combat of innocence and unjust suspicion; it is dreadful to represent the possibility of appearances bearing testimony against truth, and melancholy to reflect that innocence may be oppressed by the blind judgment of men, without deriving aid from the enlightened and all-seeing Judge of the universe. Unjust suspicion.

IT is the heartless alone who believe that love can grow old. It is, and remains spring for ever! As long as the human faculties retain their vigour—as long as the mind is undegraded by selfish interests, and remains faithful to truth, love, once born, lives in an honest heart, diffusing freshness and vigour, even in old age, over the intellect, the feelings, and the whole existence.

THE Capucines touch no money but with a pair of pincers, which conveys it into their cowl or sack to carry it to market. Capucine Friars.

Arms of the House of Medici.

"THE house of Medici," says the author of the Discours merveilleux sur la Vie de Catherine de Medici, "was for a long period hidden amongst the lowest refuse of the people at Florence. It began to rise by means of a collier, who had a son an apothecary, *who took the name of his profession;* and as we in the present day see people taking for devices the emblems of their trade, as tailors their scissors, masons their hammer or trowel, so this doctor adopted *five pills*, as it is their habit to order an odd number to their patients." This is a singular derivation of the armorial bearings of this celebrated house.

Scenes from the Life of Michael Angelo.

IN the year 1474, on Monday the 6th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, was born at the castle of Caprese, in the territory of Areggo, Michael Angelo, son of Ludovico de Lionardo de Buonarotti, Governor of Chiusi and of Caprese, and descended from one of the most ancient families of Tuscany.

Although at this period of Florentine history commerce and trade were considered as most honourable pursuits, and indeed to these were ascribed the great power and riches of the state, the father of the little Michael Angelo des-

tined him for his own profession, and already foresaw him a future Governor, nay Ambassador; far from thinking that he was destined to become what he contemptuously termed a mason! But there is a destiny attached to the life of celebrated men; and fate selected for Michael, as his nurse, the wife of a stonemason, and whilst the child throve under her care, and grew strong and robust in the sun and air, his infant hands, hardened by exposure, grasped the chisel and the hammer, and his first cries mingled with the harsh grating of the saw.

It was in vain that the proud parent sought to dissuade the boy, and curb the only inclination he manifested: even at school he contrived to escape the vigilance of the master, and obtained the notice of the artist Ghirlandajo, who said of him, "He is a rising star, that will live to eclipse the brightest planet now shining." He was even induced to seek Michael's father, and beseeching him not to oppose the manifest vocation of his son, offered to take him as an apprentice to his art. At this proposal, the Podesta started from his chair in a paroxysm of rage; but after a while he calmly went to a desk, wrote an engagement on the behalf of his son for three years, and with an expression of countenance little less affecting than that with which Brutus signed the death warrant of his

son, handed him over to Ghirlandajo. With one bound Michael cleared the staircase, throwing up his cap for joy. He burnt his grammar: true, he was not much more than a servant at Ghirlandajo's; but what did that matter? he was free to pursue his own tastes, he was happier than a Medicis! He could now bedaub the walls as he chose, he could grind his colours, sketch, or if a morsel of plaster fell in his way, he could mould it to his will, without fearing to have his ears pulled.

Before he had attained the age of thirteen, he was already a great artist, and his success had naturally created jealousy and enmity. A blow from Torregiano, when they as boys worked together, broke the cartilage of the nose, and disfigured that feature for life.

On the other hand, Michael Angelo could not fail to find as many friends, and amongst the most celebrated of the age. Benvenuto Cellini, whose great genius and talents ranked with those of Buonarotti, was his most ardent admirer, and never designated him but as the "divine Buonarotti."

During the *boy* artist's wanderings in the gardens of the Medici palace, he often met some of the stone cutters who had formerly rocked his cradle: they were ever delighted to see him, and frequently obtained him clandestinely

a view of the treasures of the gallery, then in its infancy. Michael Angelo contemplated with veneration the mutilated specimens of art. The workmen one day offered him a bit of marble, requesting he would employ it as he liked, and come thither as often as he chose.

His only answer was to grasp a chisel, throw off his jacket, and begin to hammer out the outline of a Faun's head. Often then was the workshop deserted, to the great displeasure of the master. One day, whilst putting the finishing strokes to his old Faun, a man about forty years of age, plain in person and shabbily attired, stopped, and silently watched him as he worked. Michael Angelo continued to work on, heeding him no more than the dust which fell from his chisel. When he had given the last touch, he drew back, as artists are wont, to look on the effect of the head. For this, probably the silent observer had waited, for he slowly approached, and, putting his hand on the young artist's shoulder, "My friend," he said smiling, "with your leave, I would make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly, and with an air somewhat impertinent and caustic, replied, "An observation!—you!"

"A criticism, if you prefer it."

"Upon my Faun's head?"

"Upon your Faun's head."

"And, who are you, Sir, who fancy you have a right to criticise my work?"

"It matters not to you who I am, provided my criticism is just."

"And who will decide, Sir, which of us two is in the right?"

"I will leave the decision to yourself."

"Well, Sir, speak," said Michael Angelo, crossing his arms with an air of defiance.

"Was it not your object to make an *old* Faun laughing immoderately?"

"Undoubtedly, it is easy to be discovered."

"Well then," said the critic, "where did you ever see old men with all their teeth perfect?"

The boy blushed to his eyes, and bit his lip. The observation was correct. He only waited till the individual had turned his back, when with one stroke of his chisel he knocked out two of the Faun's teeth, and even decided on hollowing out the gum on returning next day. The gardens accordingly were no sooner opened than Michael Angelo entered; but the Faun had disappeared, and in its place stood the person he had seen the preceding day.

"What is become of my head?" asked the young sculptor angrily.

"It has been removed by my command,"

replied the stranger, with his accustomed apathy.

"And who are you, Sir, who dare to give orders in the gardens of the great Medicis?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn!"

"I will follow, to force you to restore me my Faun."

"Perhaps you will be better satisfied to leave it where it is."

"We shall see."

"We shall see," echoed the stranger, and then took the path to the palace, with the same calm demeanour; but on his beginning to ascend the staircase, the boy, seemingly terrified as well as angry, caught his arm, saying, "Where are you going, Sir? You are approaching the apartments of the Prince, and although he may look over an intrusion in the royal gardens, we here run great risk."

On, proceeded the stranger, the servants rising as he approached, the guards saluting.

Michael was lost in wonder. Even supposing him one of the household (he thought to himself), my Faun belongs to me, and he ought to restore it: my labour is my own, and I can pay him for the marble.

The galleries, the saloons were passed through without interruption. Good Heaven! thought the boy, it must be at least the secretary, whom

I have thus cavalierly treated.

The stranger threw open the door of a room magnificently furnished, and enriched with all most valuable in art; and the trembling child considered himself as lost, when he remembered his treatment of one powerful enough to be able to approach Lorenzo de Medicis without being announced. Whilst he was stammering out an apology, he raised his eyes, and saw his old Faun placed on a superb bracket.

"You see, my friend," said the stranger, with the same mild and kind manner, "that if I had your Faun removed from the garden, it was to place it in a more suitable situation."

"But, my God!" cried the youthful artist, "what will the Prince say, when he discovers this poor attempt amongst so many precious works?"

The Prince held out his hand, "Take it, my friend."

Any other than Michael Angelo would have thrown himself at his feet; but he burst into tears, and, bowing his head, convulsively pressed the hand offered him by Lorenzo the Magnificent. "Henceforward thou art here at home, my friend; thou wilt work here, dine at my table, and I shall treat you as one of my children. Go to my wardrobe, and desire that they give thee a rich cloak of velvet; velvet, exactly

like those worn by Peter and John de Medicis, on days of ceremony."

"My Lord," replied the boy, deeply affected, "suffer me first to go to my father, that he may share my happiness. He turned me from his roof as a disobedient and worthless child, and I would return thither a submissive and devoted man. I know my father to be as just as he is inflexible, and he will admit that I have a right to be proud of my disobedience. From this day I may carry my head high; for Lorenzo de Medicis, the first man of the age, has consecrated me an artist."

"Right, my child; and you may also tell your father, that my patronage will extend to all your family. This very day I will receive him at the palace, and bestow on him any appointment in Florence that may be suited to him."

Old Buonarotti was quietly breakfasting in his room, which he had scarcely left since he had lost his son, when loud and repeated knocking at the door nearly drove it from its hinges. The Governor hastened to open it himself, but drew back at the sight of Michael Angelo, whom he did not immediately recognize.

Pale, breathless, his head bare, his dress in disorder, covered with dust and plaster, the boy made a spring from the door to throw him-

self into his father's arms.

"Begone!" cried the Governor, trembling with passion.

"Father, father, hear me, I implore, before you thus drive me from you. Listen to me but for one moment."

"You would then force me to curse you."

"I come from the palace."

"I neither wish to know whence you come, or what you do. I had once a son called Michael Angelo. He was to have been (at least, I hoped so) the glory, the support of my family, the joy, the comfort of my old age, but I have lost this ungrateful and disobedient son —thank God, he is no longer here, I sold him to the sculptor Ghirlandajo for eighteen florins."

"For my mother's sake, hear me! behold me at your feet."

"Back to your mason's, that is your place."

"My place!" said Michael Angelo, rising proudly from his knees, "*my* place is in the apartment of princes; my place is amongst the first artists of Florence; my place is at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

"My God, my God, he is mad!" exclaimed the poor father, passing from rage to terror.

"But follow me, father, follow me, and you will see that the great Lorenzo has taken me by the hand, that he has placed me in his palace,

that he expects you, that he offers you an employment, according to your choice."

The old Buonarotti was perfectly upset; he held his head between his hands, and asked of himself which had lost his reason, his son or himself. Michael Angelo not allowing him farther time for reflection, dragged him by force to the palace of the great Medicis. The Governor believed himself to be in a dream. No guard forbade their approach, and the courtiers drew respectfully back to give them passage.

At the door of the Prince's closet, a page raised the hanging curtain, and the old Buonarotti stood with his son in the presence of the Medicis.

"Sir," said the Prince, coming forward and courteously addressing him, "I have been the cause of disturbing you, in order to ask your leave that I may retain about me a son of whom you may be justly proud, and who bids fair to become the first artist of his time. My house shall be his home, and his salary you will yourself name.

"In return, I make you only one request; your son has probably already told you what. It is that you ask of me any appointment most suitable to your taste and habits. It is granted beforehand."

"My son," replied the agitated father, en-

deavouring to master his emotion, "will, I think, be paid beyond his deserts, if he receives five ducats monthly."

"And for yourself, Sir?"

"For myself, Prince, I ask a trifling situation now vacant in the customs: it can only be given to a citizen of the State; I ask it, because it is a post I feel I can fill with honour."

"You will never be rich, my dear Buonarotti," laughingly replied the Medicis, "for, offered any situation you please, you content yourself with a little place in the customs."

"Enough too—for the father of a *mason!*"

And thus was Michael Angelo de Buonarotti introduced to the patronage of the illustrious Medicis.

Sir Sidney Smith.

QUI a peur du mal a déjà le mal de la peur.
Qui espère le bien a déjà le bien de l'espoir.

The above lines were written on the window of his prison by Sir Sidney Smith, the day of his escape from the Temple; the hand of the hero of Acre threw them on the Cairn.

Of Bees.

IT is easy to imagine why they are highly valued. They have always been very numerous in Palestine. Frequent mention is made in the sacred volume of "honey out of

the rock." The Scriptures also speak of honey as forming a part of the presents which it was usual to send to persons of distinction. Canaan is described as a land "flowing with milk and honey." John the Baptist is said to have lived upon "locusts and wild honey," and among the articles of food set before our Saviour, when, after his resurrection he ate with his disciples, was a piece of an "honeycomb."

These combined circumstances have doubtless had their share in leading the uninstructed, in nearly all countries and times, to look upon the Bee with a feeling of superstitious reverence.

Mead, the produce of the Bee, was the favourite drink, the nectar of the ancient Britons; and their attachment to this extraordinary little insect ascended to a very remote period. According to their belief, the high origin of the Bee is from Paradise, and it was on account of man's transgression they left it, and then God gave them a blessing. The priests therefore maintained that no *Mass* ought to be celebrated, except by the light of *wax*.

These extraordinary little insects make the tops and bottoms of their cells of three planes meeting in a point, and the inclinations or angles at which they meet, are precisely those found out by the mathematicians to be the best pos-

sible for saving wax and work. Who could dream the Bee was conversant with the highest branch of the mathematics, the fruit of Newton's most wonderful labour, of the source of which he was himself ignorant; one of his most celebrated followers having found it out in a later age? This little insect works with a truth and correctness which are perfect, and according to the principles at which man has arrived only after ages of slow improvement in the most difficult branch of the most difficult science. But the mighty and all-wise Creator who made the insect and the philosopher, bestowing reason on the latter, and giving skill to the former to work without it, to Him all truths are known from all eternity with an intuition that mocks even the conceptions of the sagest of human kind.

Bayonets.

THE word bayonet is derived from the circumstance of this weapon being first manufactured at Bayonne.

Hope.

FAREWELL! but not for ever, Hope replies,
Trace but his steps, and meet him in the skies;
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,
Thou shalt not wither, or I weep again.

Oliver Cromwell.

IT is related by Pope, and also by Spencer in his Anecdotes, that on the night after the decollation of King Charles I. his body was placed in a room at Whitehall, and that the Earl of Southampton sat in the room to guard and manifest his respect to the royal corse. About midnight the door opened, and a person so muffled that he could not be known entered; who, after slowly walking to the coffin, looked at the corse some time, and having exclaimed "Cruel necessity!" as slowly retired. Lord Southampton imagined from the figure and voice, that it was Oliver Cromwell!

Supposing this to be the case, it were only consistent with the hypocrisy of his character, that he should assume the appearance of feeling, in order to impress people with a character for humanity.

It is remarked in Walpoliana as a singular fact, that the descendants of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree

By the marriage of my father, Sir Charles Shipley, connected with the "Bradshawes," by the Rudyerds, and my mother the great grand-daughter of the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II.

Origin of the term "Sandwich."

TO the memory of "Lord Sandwich" belongs the name of that edible. Being during his administration (as was very usual with him), at a gambling house, he had, in the fascination of play, for more than five and twenty hours forgotten fatigue and hunger, when suddenly, feeling disposed to break his fast, though still riveted to the table, he called to bid some one bring him any thing that was to be had to eat, which happened to prove a slice of beef, and two pieces of bread. Placing them together for the sake of expedition, he devoured them with the greatest relish. The most ecstatic encomiums published his discovery, and giving it his name, bequeathed it as a memento to his country, as one of the most important acts of his administration.

Catherine II.

DURING the splendid progress which the Empress Catherine II. made through her dominions, she was one day expressing her opinion of the various surmises her journey would create, and the different causes that would be assigned for it at the several courts of Europe; adding, "this Cabinet of Petersburgh, which is now floating down the Dneiper, must be considered of great importance, since it affords so much occupation to many others."

"Yes, Madam," replied the Prince de Ligne, "and yet I don't know one that is so small; for its whole dimensions are but a few inches, it extends but from one temple to the other, and from the root of the nose to that of the hair."

ADDISON amused himself with inventing fourteen years of the Pretender's reign. The fourth year has the following passage: "He ordered the Lord High Treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne, particularly a *milk* score of three years' standing."

Duke of Monmouth.

ARGUMENTS in favour of the belief that the Duke of Monmouth was *not* executed, as declared, but suffered to escape; an individual who was under sentence of death having been induced to pass for this unfortunate prince.

Hume says, Après son exécution ses partisans conservaient l'espérance de le revoir à leur tête; ils se flattèrent que le prisonnier qu'on avait exécuté n'était pas le Duc de Monmouth, mais qu'un de ses amis, qui lui ressemblait beaucoup, avait eu le courage de mourir pour lui.

Sainte Foix, in a letter on the subject of the

"Masque de Fer," dated Amsterdam, 1768, says, "Il est certain que le bruit courut dans Londres qu'un officier de l'armée de Monmouth, qui lui ressemblait beaucoup, fait prisonnier et sûr d'être condamné au mort, avait reçu la proposition de passer pour lui avec autant de joie que si on lui avait accordé la vie, et que, sur ce bruit, une grande dame, ayant gagné ceux qui pouvaient ouvrir son cercueil, et lui ayant regardé le bras droit, s'écria, 'Ah! ce n'est pas le Duc de Monmouth!'"

Enfin, Sainte-Foix, qui cherche à prouver que le Masque de Fer n'était autre que le Duc de Monmouth, cite un passage d'un ouvrage par Pyms, et dans lequel on dit, "Le Comte Danby envoya chercher le Colonel Skelton, qui avait eu ci-devant la Lieutenance de la Tour de Londres, et à qui le Prince d'Orange l'avait otée pour la donner au Lord Lucas. 'Skelton,' lui dit le Comte Danby, 'hier au soir en soupant avec Robert Johnston, vous lui dites, que le Duc de Monmouth était vivant et enfermé dans quelque chateau en Angleterre.' 'Je n'ai point affirmé cela, puisque je n'en sais rien,' dit Skelton, 'mais j'ai dit, que, la nuit d'après la prétendue exécution du Duc de Monmouth, le Roi, accompagné de trois hommes, vint lui-même le tirer de la Tour, et que le Duc fut emmené par lui."

Sainte-Foix cite encore une conversation du père Tournemine, et ajoute:

" La Duchesse de Portsmouth dit au père Tournemine et au Confesseur du Roi Jacques, qu'elle reprocherait toujours à la mémoire de ce Prince l'exécution du Duc de Monmouth après que Charles Second, à l'heure de la mort, et prêt à communier devant l'hostie, que Haldeston prêtre catholique avait secrètement apportée, avait fait promettre au Roi Jacques (alors Duc d'York), que quelque revolte, que quant au Duc de Monmouth, il ne le ferait jamais punir de mort. *Aussi le Roi Jacques ne l'a-t-il pas fait mourir*, repondit le père Sanders."

Death.

STRANGE, that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always! How difficult it is to realise death! how difficult to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar will ever lose its motion and warmth! That the quick eye will settle and grow dull. It is at first hard to believe that we *must die*; harder still to believe the repulsive circumstances that follow this terrible change! It is a bitter thought, at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the

sense and the mind, that feel and measure suffering, will be gone. The separation of soul and body is too great a mystery to satisfy fear: it is the body that we know; it is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a thought, a presence, that we are told of, but do not see. The idea of existence is connected indissolubly with the visible body, and its pleasant and familiar scenes. We talk of, and rest our belief on the soul's ascent to its Maker; but it is not ourselves, it is not our own conscious breathing identity, that we, in imagination, send up through the invisible air; we do not understand, we cannot realise the wondrous thought.

Origin of the Title of Earl.

DURING the government of the Anglo-Saxons *Earldoms* of counties were not merely dignities of honour, but officers of justice; each person having the charge and custody of the county of which he was Earl; and for their assistance in the discharge of this duty, they had also deputies, or *vicecomes*, as they were denominated, appointed, which office still continues to be executed by the Sheriffs annually chosen for the different counties of England and Wales. The *Earls*, in recompense for their travelling expenses, and other charges incidental to the affairs of this important office,

had originally a salary derived from the profits of the third penny of the county* granted to them; and this custom continued for a long time after the conquest, and was formerly inserted as a princely benevolence in their patents of creation. These salaries were at a later period changed into pensions for the better support of their dignity, as appears by many ancient records. The word Earl, by the Saxons was called *Erlig*, or Ethling; by the Germans, *Grave*, as Landgrave, Margrave, &c. and by the Dutch, Eorle: but upon the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, in 1066, and the subsequent settlement of the Normans in this country they were called *Comes*, or *Comites*, and for consequence in State affairs were usually styled *Comes Illustres*. Formerly Kings were addressed by the title of *Your Grace*. Henry VIII. was the first, says Houssaie, who assumed the title of *Highness*; and at length *Majesty*. It was Francis I. who began to give him this last title, in their interview in the year 1520.

IL est des âmes que le malheur peut abattre, mais qu'il n'avilit jamais.

* Third part of fines arising from law-suits, the other two going to the King.

James II.

THE Diary of James II. which from his earliest youth he had kept, he, at the time of his abdication, as one of his last acts, confided to the Count of Therese, by whose means the papers were sent to Italy; and afterwards found their way to the Scotch College at Paris. About the beginning of the French revolution, the original MSS. were sent to St. Amiens, secreted in a cellar, afterwards buried in a garden of a country house, and it is supposed were taken up and destroyed; but copies were previously taken and formed into a life of James II. which, with other papers termed the "Stuart Manuscripts," were published.

HEUREUX celui qui sait quitter l'état qui le quitte, et rester heureux en dépit du sort.

LA solitude est certainement une belle chose, mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un à qui on puisse dire: La solitude est une belle chose.

PEUT-ON se consoler de la perte d'un enfant! ce malheur, le plus poignant de tous, semble tellement opposé à la nature, que la douleur qu'il produit doit durer toujours.

Sea-fire.

THE phenomenon called by sailors *Sea-fire*, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent corruscations are perpetually breaking upon her sides, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship, through the water being saturated with *fish* and *spawn*, and other animal substance.

❦

"*Lisez et Croyez.*"

A Device on a Lady's Seal.

QUELQUES censeurs peu délicats,
Oubliant ce qu'on doit aux femmes,
Ont dit, en parlant de ces dames,
" Lisez-les, ne les croyez pas."
Ces messieurs ont fait leur histoire :
Jugeons-les par ce qu'ils ont dit.
Pour vous, Iris, quand on vous lit,
On admire autant votre esprit
Qu'on a de plaisir à vous croire.

A la même, en lui annoncant mon départ.

DE mon bonheur le sort jaloux
A ne vous plus revoir me condamne peut-être.
Ah! je devais ne jamais vous connaître,
Ou rester toujours près de vous.

Troubadours.

THE Troubadours were the ancient wandering poets, supposed to originate in Provence, and who composed and sung their own verses. The Trombe, or Trompe, was an instrument of the trumpet kind, from which it is believed the word "Trombadour," or "Troubadour," is derived; it being to this instrument they sung their poems. Several princes and nobles were among the number of these bards: Richard I. of England was of the former. The Italian poets are said to have borrowed their best pieces from the Troubadours; they flourished in Europe about two hundred and fifty years, from 1120 till the year 1382.

S'OCCUPER, c'est savoir jouir;
L'oisiveté pèse et tourmente;
L'âme est un feu qu'il faut nourir,
Et qui s'éteint, s'il ne s'augmente.

JE ne vous parle point d'amis, car je sais combien cette denrée là est rare: mais je vous parle des connaissances agréables. Avec un bon soupé on a qui on veut: et si on le juge àpropos, on se moque encore après de ses convives.

ETRE avec les gens qu'on aime, cela suffit. Rêver, leur parler, ne leur parler point, penser à eux, penser à des choses indifférentes; mais auprès d'eux, tout est égal.

Pride and Humility.

ON the marriage of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, with Mary the sister of King Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. of France, he appeared at the tournament given in honour of his bride, with an ingenious device, delicately alluding to the event which had brought him within the pale of royalty. To the trappings of his horse, which were one half of cloth of gold, and the other of cloth of freize, was appended the following motto.

Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of freize;
Cloth of freize, be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

LES convalescences de l'âme sont comme celles du corps : on en sent bien mieux le prix que celui de la santé.

LES louanges les plus flatteuses, et les plus énivrantes, sont celles que l'on reçoit unanimement devant l'objet qu'on aime.

Voltaire.

THOSE who proclaim Voltaire to be an atheist, only evince their ignorance of his real sentiments, and the beautiful principle by which he was influenced; his every act tended to acquit him of the charge of atheism. Besides, it never did, never can exist! Were it possible our lips could deny this truth, our hearts must witness to it; and however strongly the wretched atheist would assert the non-existence of the power he denies, the very faculties, the reasoning, the subtle arguments which he employs, are these not so many attributes derived from a power, Almighty, though indefinite, Omnipresent, though invisible? The command of language, the superiority of talent he proudly displays, give the lie to his own system; whilst common sense declares beyond all doubt, the existence of that wonderful chain of creation, of which man is the first link,

formed by a Divine intelligence, foreseeing and pre-ordaining all things. Alas! it must be admitted, that Voltaire denied the *Divinity* of our Saviour, although his virtues were those of a Christian; so often evinced in acts of the purest benevolence and philanthropy, rejecting all sectarian intolerance, affecting no uncharitable jargon. How to be regretted that such virtues were not guided and supported by belief!

Happy they who rely on the eternity of the soul, who believe as the loved fall, one after one, from their side, that they have returned to their native country, that they await the Divine reunion; who feel that each treasure of knowledge they attain, they carry with them through illimitable being; who see in virtue the essence of the element of that world they are to inhabit, and to which they but accustom themselves betimes; who comfort their weariness amidst the storms of time, by seeing far across the melancholy seas the haven they will reach at last; who deem that every struggle has its assured reward, and every sorrow its balm; who know, that however forsaken or bereaved below, they never can be alone, and never deserted; that above is the protection of Eternal power, and the mercy of Eternal love.

Antipathies.

THE Princess de Lamballe fainted, if a nosegay of violets was in the room.

A celebrated Counsellor of Parliament at Douai, if he saw an apple not cut with a knife, but broken, would rise from table, and scarcely be able to totter to the door; whereas, the apple cut in the usual manner, he would have felt no ill effect.

The celebrated Lord Bolingbroke had an insurmountable horror of a cat: he frequently visited the Marechale de Mirepoix, and always waited in the anti-room till he was assured that all the cats, of which she possessed several of a famous Angora breed, had been turned out. These animals were so sociable, that they would sit on the large Loto table, and whenever a counter rolled near them, they would play with it with their paws in their usual graceful manner. I have often been fortunate enough, says M. de Levis, to be of their party without ever having to complain of them. One day, when the valet de chamber, after carefully searching every where, believed there could not be a cat in the apartment, Lord Bolingbroke came in, but immediately screamed and rushed back; the next day it was discovered that one of the cats had been accidentally shut up in a closet.

Anne of Austria: a Sketch.

ANNE MAURICE was daughter of Philippe III. King of Spain, and of Margarette of Austria; she was born at Valladolid, on Saturday the 22nd of September, 1601; married to Louis XIII. King of France, called "the Just," the 9th of November, 1615, and not till after twenty-three years became a mother, giving birth first to Louis XIV. and next to Philippe of France, Duke of Orléans, who married the Princess Henrietta of England, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. and of Henrietta sister of Louis XIII. At the death of this monarch, his son being only *nine* years of age, he declared Anne of Austria Regent, and during the period of her administration, to that in which she surrendered the direction of his kingdom, at the majority of Louis XIV. she fully justified the election; her great strength of mind and justice of conduct never giving way, though intestine dissention and foreign wars rendered her task not a little arduous. More than once the Queen Regent abandoned her capital during the tumult of the parliamentary faction, supported by the Duke of Orléans,* the late King's brother. The spirit of discontent gave the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin as its source, but it was long

* Likewise the Grand Condé.

before the Queen would yield her predilection for, and support of this minister. His eventual exile restored peace at home, but it was not of long duration, and the Cardinal returned to negotiate the marriage of his sovereign with the Infanta of Spain, niece to the Queen Regent. This amiable Princess was not only chosen by Anne of Austria as the means of restoring peace between Spain and France, but also as interesting to her by the ties of maternal affection, being her brother's daughter.

Till the death of Mazarin, Louis was little conspicuous in the administration of his government, and so much had he felt the evil consequence of the authority and patronage assumed by the Italian Cardinal, that he resolved to keep the reins in future wholly in his own hands. Mazarin had been brought forward by the minister Richelieu, and raised from obscurity; he died possessed of incalculable riches, after having made the fortunes of all his family.*

The anxious affection of the Queen for her sons, was marked to the last hour of her life; her watchful solicitude not only desired their temporal grandeur but their moral conduct and

* Louis was however, till the death of Mazarin, as well as the Queen Mother, bound by the chain of influence and power the latter lived to regret having allowed to the Cardinal.

eternal salvation, to which her prayers were ever directed. She suffered much disquietude from the dissipation of Louis, and though wisely endeavouring to conceal or excuse his infidelities in the eyes of the Queen, she remonstrated with the King on several occasions with the zeal of a Christian, and the love of a parent; and though they failed of all the wished for effect, the affection and duty of the King steadily accompanied his mother to her grave. Her patience and fortitude, during a lingering and painful disease, could not be surpassed. She died of a cancer in the breast at sixty-five years of age; preserving, almost unimpaired, the beauty which had rendered her in youth the subject of universal admiration. Her attractions made her as naturally the object of calumny as of applause, for this is the tax they ever pay. That she had many lovers is beyond doubt, but whether she observed the rigid propriety of conduct asserted by Mde. de Motteville, or whether she was culpable of the indiscretions ascribed to her by less partial authors, it is at least certain that her virtues were *great;* and if she had faults, the neglect of her husband at the period when all Europe bent before her perfections, gives an undisputed apology. The cold and apathetic neglect of the gloomy Louis afforded encouragement to less lawful admira-

tion; and of the number of her suitors none were more conspicuous than the accomplished English Duke of Buckingham. Mons. Regnault Warin does not scruple to make him the father, and Anne of Austria the mother, of the mysterious "Masque de Fer:" yet it is hardly credible to human feeling, that a mother's tenderness could so far give way to state policy, as to sanction the long and cruel imprisonment of the being to whom she gave life but to be a curse. Yet this contradiction exists in the Memoires of the "Masque de Fer."

The dislike of the Queen Marie de Médicis and of the minister De Richelieu of Anne of Austria (though some pens declare this crafty statesman to have been also the slave of her charms), greatly strengthened the indifference of the King towards his Queen: indeed, so much was it considered a miracle when the heir to the crown was born, that he was surnamed the "Gift ofGod."* It was the King's own act to nominate the Queen, Regent, after his death; and his confidence in her integrity and wisdom was fully justified by her exercise of this power. She was free from all spirit of revenge, never seeking it, even of her worst enemies; and this was greatly evinced in her consideration of the Queen Mary of Médicis,

* Dieu-donné.

after she had incurred the displeasure of Louis XIII. as well as her kind reception of the persecuted Queen of England, when driven for refuge to the court of France. When Princess of France, Henrietta had been often by the influence of her mother, Mary de Médicis, guilty of acts of unkindness to her brother's Queen; but this never appeared in the behaviour of the latter towards the Queen of England, whose sorrows she in every manner sought to alleviate, and furnished her with money to send to her captive husband, till the sad termination of his fate. The Duchess of Orléans was only a few days old when her royal brother fled from England; and brought up in the family of the French monarch, she was very dear to the Queen Mother, and chosen by her as the wife of her second son, afterwards Duke of Orléans.

MY friend, I've been robb'd! The MSS.
"How I pity your grief!"
All my manuscripts gone!
"How I pity the thief!"

LET your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

The Nursing of Love.

LAPT in Cythera's golden sands,
When first true Love was born on earth,
Long was the doubt, what fost'ring hands
Should tend, and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ;
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly feared
The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;
Too mild, the seraph Peace appeared;
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claimed him for her own;
But Venus disallowed her right;
She deem'd her Iris pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Youth, awhile, the charge was given,
And well with Youth the cherub throve;
Till Innocence came down from heaven,
Sole guardian friend and nurse of Love.

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
When all preferred to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The trait'ress watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush rose bed,
Tired Innocence to slumber's power
One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
Her toys, and sugar'd poisons press'd;
Drunk with new joy he heav'd, he smil'd,
Reel'd, sunk, and died upon her breast!

An Opera.

THE first composer who tried his hand at setting an opera to music was Francisco Bamirino, an Italian artist; and the piece to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompaniment, was the "Conversion of St. Paul," which was brought out at Rome in 1460.

Calumny or Detraction.

THE strongest, brightest light will always offend a weak, vitiated sight; and the lowest vermin will prey upon the fairest fruit. Thus *detraction* comes from the envious, and the base, and low-minded.

Goût and Gout.

HOW is't the French in all they do
Have goût, while we're without?
Nature, who gives them simply goût,
Has changed our goût to *gout!*

Les Lazzaroni de l'ancien tems.

LES Lazzaroni ont trop souvent été confondus avec la vile populace de Naples, race dégradée. On ignore s'ils descendent de l'une des colonies grecques, qui, dans des temps reculés, vinrent s'établir dans cette riche et belle contrée ; ou s'ils appartiennent à une famille latine ; ou s'ils sont les descendans de quelqu'une des races Germaniques, qui, sous le nom d'Hérules, Lombards, ou d'Ostrogoths, vinrent successivement y planter leurs tentes. On l'ignore ; mais il est certain que les Lazzaroni forment une famille bien distincte de celles des autres habitans du royaume de Naples. Ces sont des hommes grands et forts, laborieux et sobres ; leur union pourrait balancer la puissance du gouvernement, aussi respecte-il leur privilèges, et fait-il tous ses efforts pour se les attacher. Le Lazzarone aime cette terre où il vit, mais ne cherche pas à sortir de la classe dans laquelle il est né. Ils ont l'extérieur remarquable par la mâle beauté des formes. Un lien fraternel semble unir les Lazzaroni ; ils ne subissent point les lois du Royaume quand elles paraissent contraires à leurs traditions, qu'ils savent faire respecter. Seuls ils sont libres sur cette terre d'esclaves, et ont le droit incontesté de s'assembler publiquement et en grand nombre, sans que le gouvernement songe à les troubler dans ces nobles manifestations de la dignité de

l'homme. Le Capo-Lazzaroni est le chef suprême de toute la famille; il est élu par ses frères, et il exerce sur eux une autorité qui rappelle le tribunat des Romains. Si le Capo n'est point entouré des insignes de la royauté, au moins en a t-il une autorité réelle, et pas moins efficace. Le Capo est chargé de faire respecter les droits de sa caste. Il a une place réservée aux cérémonies où assiste la Cour, qui s'étudie surtout en public à lui montrer beaucoup d'égards. C'est le Capo qui a le droit de vérifier le sexe de l'enfant dont la Reine vient d'accoucher, et c'est lui qui le montre au peuple du haut du balcon royal.

Louis XVIII.

ALTHOUGH the perpetrator of the daring attempt was never discovered, it is well known that the late Louis XVIII. of France, narrowly escaped assassination whilst at Dettingen. The King was standing at the window of an hotel, when a pistol was fired at him, the ball of which lodged in the window frame. One of the persons standing near to the King, alarmed at his sovereign's very narrow escape, exclaimed, "Oh, Sire! had the aim been one inch lower—" "Why then," (interrupted the intrepid monarch, with the utmost presence of mind) "the King of France would have been styled Charles the Tenth."

Directions to the Porter.

THOU faithful guardian of these peaceful walls,
Whose jealous care protects thy master's gate,
If any stranger at this mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune (blindfold goddess) chance to knock,
Or proud Ambition lure thee to her arms,
Shut, shut the door! good John, quick turn the lock,
And shield thy master from their syren charms.

If sober Wisdom hither deigns to roam,
Nor let her in, nor send her quite away;
Tell her at present I am not at home,
But hope she'll call again some other day.

If at my door a beauteous boy be seen,
Whose little feet have oft my threshold trod;
Thou know'st the offspring of the Cyprian queen,
His air, without his bow, bespeak the god.

His gentle smiles admittance ever win,
Though oft deceived, I prize the fond deluder;
Morn, noon, and night be sure to let him in
With welcome—Love is never an intruder.

Origin of the title of "Sforza."

JAMES SFORZA, the father of Francis the first Duke, was the founder of the house of Sforza, which gave six Dukes to Milan, and was allied with almost every sovereign in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was born in 1369, at Catignuola, near Faenza; his father, according to tradition, was a day labourer, and to others, a shoemaker, but probably wrought as both. Perceiving some soldiers pass, he was struck with the desire of bearing arms. "I will go," said he to himself, "and dart my hatchet against that tree, and if it stick fast in the wood I will immediately become a soldier." The hatchet stuck fast, and because, says the Abbot of Choisi, he threw the axe with all his force, he assumed the supposed fortunate name of Sforza, as his real name was Giacomuzzo, or James Attendulo.

Duke of Calabria.

THE Duke of Calabria, father of the unfortunate Joanna, Queen of Naples, was buried in the church of St. Claire, founded by his father in 1310. The sculpture of his monument is beautifully emblematical of his known protection of defenceless innocence: from a Conch shell at his feet, a lamb slakes its thirst, regardless of the fierce wolf drinking at the same fountain.

Love and Reason.

'TWAS in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers were both in season,
When, who of all the world should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
Whilst Reason talk'd about the weather:
The morning, sooth, was clear and bright,
So on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew;
Whilst Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow as they walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find the sunny morning chill;
For still the shadow Reason cast
Follow'd the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he strove his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim;
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love,
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning down a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph "Adieu."

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, through many a bower,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss from every flower.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded;
He eat the fruits, and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone, and odour faded.

Now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Rose high above the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd;
Ah! where was tranquil *Reason* now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning;
He saw the maid reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh take me to your bosom cold!"
In murmurs at her feet he said,
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his feverish head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
But ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast.

Clocks.

THE first Clock seen in Europe was a present from Haroun Alraschid to Charlemagne; and in the fourteenth century, *Dondi* of Padua was raised to the peerage for making one of an improved construction. The title, "Marquis Dondi del Orologio," descended to the eighteenth century, and probably still exists.

Tea and Coffee.

THE Maréchale de Mirepoix was afflicted with a constant shaking of the head, and it was attributed to her use of tea, of which she took several cups daily; having accustomed herself to it in England, where her husband had been ambassador. At one time Tea and Coffee were considered as poisons, and it is stated, that in one of the northern countries they made trial of them three times a day on two criminals, whose lives were spared on condition of their undergoing this terrible ordeal. The result was, that the culprit who took the Tea lived to be seventy-nine, and the other, eighty.

Comparative qualities in the characters of the French and English.

THE French are beyond all manner of doubt the most good humoured people on the surface of the earth; if we understand at least, by the term *good humour*, those minor courtesies, those considerate kindnesses, those cursory attentions, which, though they cost little to the giver, are not the less valuable to the receiver; which soften the asperities of life, and by their frequent occurrence, and the constant necessity in which we stand of them have an aggregate, if not an individual importance. The English perhaps, as nationally possessing the more solid virtues, may be the best friends and the most generous benefactors; but a friendship in this more exalted acceptation of it is rare, and beneficence almost miraculous; it is a serious question with me, which is the most useful being in society—the light, good-humoured Frenchman, or the slow, meditating Englishman?

Scandal.

BELIEVE not each aspersing word,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story false
Which ought not to be true.

IL faut qu'un Empereur meurt debout.

HAPLY when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And Pity, welcome to a kindlier soil.

Personal Beauty.

THERE is no blessing more utterly valueless when its first charm has passed over and faded from the imagination, than mere personal beauty; where there is no intellect, no heart, no sweetness of temper, no cheering gaiety of spirit, no genius, talent, nor precious moral worth to enclose and preserve it from wearying the sense, and palling the affection.

Daguerrotype.

A WOMAN'S heart is the only true plate for a man's likeness. An *instant* gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

IT is well if we have *thoughts* to comfort us, for *facts* are miserable allies when imagination fights its battle with despair.

THERE are no people so often in the wrong, as those who will not bear to be thought so.

Pyramids.

THE greatest of the three, and chief of the world's seven wonders, is west of Cairo. It takes up eight acres of ground, every square being 300 paces in length, and the square of the top consisting of three stones only, yet large enough for threescore people to stand upon; ascended by two hundred and fifty-five steps, each step above three feet high, and of a breadth proportionable. No stone so little throughout the whole as to be drawn by our carriages; yet were these hewn out of the Trojan mountains, far off in Arabia: a wonder how conveyed thither, and how so mounted a greater. Twenty years it was building; by three hundred three score and six thousand men continually wrought upon, who, only in radishes, garlick, and onions, are said to have consumed one thousand and eight hundred talents.

The Congress.

LA Russie danse pour tout.
La Prusse pense pour tout.
La Bavière boit pour tout.
La Wirtemberg mange pour tout.
L'Angleterre prend pour tout.
La France cède pour tout.
L'Autriche paye pour tout.

A Sketch of our Saviour's Person, drawn with a noble simplicity and candour by an Unbeliever.

IT being the usual custom of the Roman Governors to advertize the senate and people of Rome of such things as happened in their respective provinces, in the days of Tiberius Cæsar, the emperor, Pub. Leontulus, President of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the senate, concerning our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"There appeared in our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the nation accepted for a Prophet of truth, but his disciples call him the Son of God!

"He raises the dead! and cureth all manner of diseases: a man of stature somewhat tall, and comely, with a very rev'rend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear.

"His hair of the colour of a chestnut full ripe, down to his ears, whence downwards it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders: in the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites: his forehead plain and very delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lively red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehensible; his beard

thickish, in colour like his hair, and not over long, but forked; his look innocent, but mature; his eyes gray, clear, and quick. In reproving he is terrible, in admonishing courteous and fair spoken, pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms delectable to behold. In speaking, very moderate, modest, and wise.

"A man, for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men!"

Ennui.

MRS. Frances Sheridan described "Ennui," as a new name for a compound disease of the blood, the brain, and the heart, from which none but the idle and selfish ever suffered; and Mrs. Barbauld added, that in God's universe men, in spite of the heaviest afflictions or the greatest bereavements, might always find objects worthy of their hearts, and occupations worthy of their minds.

O! MANY a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

On an Infant.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

IT is remarked by T. P. Richter, one of the most celebrated German writers, that the empire of the sea belongs to the English, that of the earth to the French, and that of the air to the Germans. Madame de Stael says, "C'est l'imagination, plus que l'esprit, qui caracterise les Allemands."

Hôtel à Paris "à vendre, ou à louer."

CETTE enseigne, il faut l'avouer,
De deux manières peut s'entendre:
S'il s'agit de l'Hôtel, il peut-être à louer,
Mais s'il s'agit du maître,
Il est toujours à Vendre!

Epigram.

ON dit que l'Abbé Planchette
Prêche les sermons d'autrui;
Moi, qui sais qu'il les achette,
Je soutiens qu'ils sont à lui.

Russian Anecdote.

LIEUTENANT Rileieff, an officer on half-pay, who had participated in the insurrection, had been sentenced, with four other persons, to be torn in quarters by horses; but fearing the effect of a punishment so horrid and so unusual on the public mind, the sentence was changed to hanging, and the execution took place on the 24th July. The widowed Madame de Rileieff, who had only been a wife a few months, on the night which followed the execution, obtained from the executioner (to whom she went and offered a considerable bribe) the body of her husband; and herself, laden with this dreadful but cherished burthen, hastened to an isolated house which she occupied, where, after bathing it with her tears, she herself prepared the mutilated remains for the grave, which she made with her own hands in a secluded spot of the garden, solemnly and carefully closing the earth over it. And on that spot, soon as the stars brightened the heavens, was this poor mourner to be seen, like a phantom, clothed in deepest mourning, kneeling on the grave till morning. One winter's night she came as usual, and knelt in prayer. The snow fell fast, and hung on her widowed garment: little by little her enfeebled frame yielded to the blast, and she fell insen-

sible on the earth. When day dawned, she was at peace: she lay dead on her husband's grave.

DURING the march of the exiles from the splendid city of St. Petersburg to their dreary destination, a dreadful occurrence took place whilst crossing the forest of Yirna, during a halt in the night. The military commandant of the escort had ordered that Albaniski, one of the exiles, who had been guilty of some disregard of discipline, should be lashed to a tree, about a hundred steps distant from the camp. The night was far advanced, and the wretched culprit had appeared to resign himself to his fate, when dreadful and repeated cries were heard through the dense forest, awfully disturbing the silence of night: the screams increasing, the sentinels on duty awoke their officer, but soon all was again silent. Horrid to relate, on directing their search whence the sounds had proceeded, they found Albaniski bathed in blood, and nearly devoured by wolves. There were nearly a hundred of these ravenous beasts collected about the poor expiring man, and it was with difficulty that they were separated from the mangled limbs of their prey.

Hospitality of the remote ages.

THE hospitality of England was so great in the remote ages, that a chieftain even blushed to close his door: he flew to meet a stranger of any rank, presented him with water to wash, and took from him his arms, this being the signification that he would pass the night under his roof, which was considered as a mark of respect and honour.

Turkish Anecdote.

WHEN Morusi, the Interpreter of the Ottoman Porte, was ordered to be beheaded, the Sultan Mahmoud, being desirous of seeing his blood flow, expressly forbade the executioner letting the axe fall till he perceived a certain blind of the harem drawn up; and he had the cruelty to allow the wretched Morusi to wait a whole hour in this dreadful situation before he gave the appointed signal. Buonaparte repeated this anecdote as an "affaire *de jalousie.*"

HE who thinks no man *above* him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those who are above him.

Anti-Moine, or Anti-mony.

THE origin of the use of Anti-moine, or *Antimony*, is a remarkable circumstance. Basil Valentin, Superior of a College of Religionists, having observed that this mineral fattened the pigs, imagined that it would produce the same effect on the holy brotherhood. But the case was seriously different; the unfortunate fathers, who greedily made use of it, died in a short time, and this is the origin of its name, according to the pure French word. In spite of this unfortunate beginning, *Paracelsus* resolved to bring this mineral into practice; and by mixing it with other preparations make it useful. The Faculty at Paris were on this occasion divided into two parties, the one maintained that *Antimony* was a *poison;* the other affirmed that it was an excellent *remedy*. The dispute became more general, and the Parliament and the College of the Sorbonne interfered in the matter; but some time afterwards people began to judge rightly concerning this excellent mineral; and its wonderful and salutary effects have occasioned the Faculty to place it among their best medicines.

Extract from Dr. Johnson's Correspondence.

I HAVE three letters this day all about the balloon; I could have been content with one. Do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say.

IN the reign of Charles VII. of France, John, Earl of Buchan, was made Constable of France, in acknowledgment of the bravery displayed by him at the battle of Beaugé, in Anjou, when the Duke of Clarence, of England, was killed by his hand.

THIS is the state of man: A passing shadow
Throws down the baseless fabric of his joy:
And when the tablet of his fleeting state
Is character'd with all felicity,
Comes Malice, with a sponge moisten'd in gall,
And wipes the beauteous images away.

Parfilage.

IN the reign of Louis XV. this curious employment had become paramount over all other female avocations of fancy work. It consisted in separating the bullion from the silk of gold lace, fringe, frogs, hat loops, or sword knots, for the purpose of selling it to the Jews at half the price of new; and it was quite ordinary to hear ladies begging and bespeaking the spoiled finery of their male acquaintance, to furnish material for their dexterous industry. These contributions were termed galons. The shopkeepers, taking advantage of the folly, in-

vented a number of ingenious and expensive toys, composed of *galons*. Sheep, dogs, squirrels, cradles, carriages in miniature, &c. were offered, admired, and then pulled to pieces for "*parfilage.*"* It afforded good opportunity for innumerable gallantries. A gentleman went to a masked ball in a costume purposely composed of cloth of gold and bullion, worth two hundred pounds, which he sent next day to a lady.

POWER is right, knavery common sense,
Honour a sound, and principle pretence:
Virtue's abandoned, honesty's disgraced,
Plain sense is scorned; what rivals all is—
Taste!

Les Riens.

QUAND on aime, *rien* n'est frivole.
Un *rien* sert ou nuit au bonheur;
Un *rien* afflige, un *rien* console;
Il n'est point de *rien* pour le cœur.
Un *rien* peut aigrir la souffrance;
Un *rien* l'adoucit de moitié;
Tout n'est *rien* pour l'indifférence;
Un *rien* est tout pour l'amitié.

* Or drawing the gold or silver thread from tissue.

A Cottage in Scotland.

"GOD *bless you; and may the field of battle never leave your heart sair!*" It is scarcely possible to imagine a more natural and appropriate address *from* a soldier's wife *to* a soldier's wife. This, was the spontaneous effusion of grateful feeling, excited by some little service which I had been the means of rendering to a soldier of my husband's regiment, for which his wife came to thank me. It is one of the many instances which I have met of that species of *Ossianic* expression (if I may be allowed the term) which distinguishes the lower orders of the Scotch and Irish. I remember an occurrence in the life of an unfortunate friend of mine, which not only proves how capable this class of people are of deep and refined sentiment, but also of a strength and pathos of language which loses nothing from the simplicity of its guise. The lady to whom I allude, had, under circumstances of very peculiar misfortune, in which reason, nearly shaken from its seat, had deprived her of all sense save that of misery, been admitted to the shelter of a cottage by the road side, in the neighbourhood of D———, whose honest inhabitants hastened to afford her the only comforts their power admitted; their own bed, the warmth of their peat fire, and a share of their humble meal. They sought with kind solicitude, un-

mixed with obtrusive curiosity, to learn the causes which led to the sorrow they witnessed, but finding every effort vain, they checked their inquiries. "Puir thing! her heart's crushed, and her spirit broken," said the gudewife, whilst she placed the poor wanderer's head upon her homely pillow, and then seated herself with her old man by their turf fire and unclosed the Bible, which with the Poems of Robert Burns constituted their library.

The activity of friendship soon traced the fugitive, but no arguments could induce those benevolent beings to accept remuneration in any form: nearly twelve months elapsed, when, journeying south, their former inmate sought the spot to which the "memory of the heart" furnished the clue. The gudewife, with looks of surprise, surveyed the handsome equipage from whence the inquiry for herself and husband was addressed, nor could she recognise, even in the still faded form before her, the distracted tenant of her lonely hut: on being joined by the old man, mutual explanations took place, and by dint of many arguments, the little offerings that had been brought for them were accepted by these good Samaritans, as "*kip sakes from the leddy, and nae for payment of what it was sae natural to do for a puir suffering fellow creter.*"

Linnæus.

CHARLES LINNÆUS was born at Smolande in 1707, and died at Upsal in 1778. The most celebrated botanist of the eighteenth century. His eminent talents introduced him to the notice of his sovereign, Gustavus III. who relieved him from poverty and embarrassment, and protected him till his death. Linnæus presided over the gardens of the University of Upsal for forty years, where a magnificent monument is erected to his memory.

Hortensia, or Hydranger.

THE *Hortensia*, so called by *Commerson* in compliment to Hortense le Pante, is one of the handsomest, as well as most lasting plant. Passing by different shades from white to green, till it becomes the fine bright lilac which takes its name; to this again succeeds the white and green tints. This beautiful plant is originally from China and Japan. Its Botanical name is *Hortensia mutabilis*, from the variety of its colours.

I KNOW not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wandered beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;
And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropp'd away.

But as these looser leaves depart,
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore;
And yearns to those who loved it first,
The sunshine and the dew by which its head was nurst.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remember'd in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost—I *am* beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before;
As turns the maiden oft her token;
As counts the miser aye his gold;
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told:
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet;
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on, and speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,

With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten, when I come—

When port is gain'd, and slowly now,
The old familiar paths are past,
And entering, unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—

Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy;
And, mother, 'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years;
And, once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright,
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night,
Thy "dearest," thy "first born!"
And he no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn.

AMONG many vestiges of the ancient Saxon dialect and idiom, we reckon a small space of time by the night, as did the Saxons. Sen'night, or seven nights hence; fortnight, or fourteen nights hence, are both of Saxon origin, and both are used in modern calculation of time.

The Torpedo.

THE Torpedo is found in the British Seas, particularly at Torbay, near Waterford, on the coast of Ireland. This extraordinary fish likes to bury itself lightly in the sand, in which situation the Torpedo gives its most forcible shock, and throws down the astonished passenger who inadvertently treads upon it. On touching the fish with the fingers, it sometimes happens that the person feels an unusual painful numbness, which suddenly seizes the arm up to the elbow, and sometimes to the very shoulder and head. The pain is almost indescribable, and bears some resemblance to the sensation felt in the arm on striking the elbow violently against a hard body. It is even affirmed that it will benumb the astonished fisherman through the whole length of the line and rod.

The Torpedo is so far amphibious as to live in air twenty-four hours, and but little longer in water.

SILENCE is not very culpable, when nothing pleasing is suppressed.

Wait and Hope.

IL ne faut que savoir attendre, dans cette vie : sous la neige il y a de la verdure, et derrière le plus épais nuage le ciel est bleu.

Mother and Child.

THE tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength, as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth, is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave, where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend: let the world forsake us, she is still by our side; if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger, nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

Louis XVIII.

"THERE is no etiquette requisite when we talk to our friends:" such was the kind encouragement given to me by the benevolent Louis XVIII. of France, when I expressed my apprehension that the deep interest of the subject on which he permitted me to address him, might so engross my feelings as to render me, (in appearance,) unmindful of the respectful deference due to his exalted station; and with truth did the monarch honour me by designating himself as a friend. At his death I had not to regret only the loss of a sovereign

whose condescending kindness admitted the petitioner to his presence, but also those lengthened conversations in which were displayed the brilliant emanations of his highly cultivated mind, and the fruits of deep classical research: or did I only lament the deprivation of his royal bounties. I wept for the loss of the beneficent being, whose heart had expanded in sympathy to the sorrows of a widowed mother, whose gracious recollections honoured a father's grave, and to whom in the hour of trial I never appealed in vain. Would that my words could do justice to the devoted veneration my heart bears him! Wit and eloquence were his to a supreme degree. None ever possessed to a greater extent the talent of saying that which was appropriate, kind, or conciliating. In his language he reminded me of the fairy tale, which describes pearls, diamonds, and precious stones as falling from the lips of the speaker.

Education.

'TIS granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That *Education* gives her, false or true.

Dr. Johnson on the loss of his Mother.

IN alluding to the death of his mother, Dr. Johnson observes that, notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily experience of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses as a burthen, but crushes as a blow.

Recollections in the Cathedral at Malines or "Mechlin" in Belgium.

ON this anniversary of the day on which my loved little one closed his short earthly career, called by the will of our Creator to early beatitude, I saw in the cathedral at Malines a beautiful sculptured monument; the subject, I conclude, adopted by some afflicted mother from the passage in Holy Writ which I, in my own sorrow, had engraven on my child's tomb:

"Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

On the monument I have referred to, an angel presents to Jesus Christ a little boy, of age and size resembling dear C———; his hands are clasped, and raised as in entreaty;

and the sculptor has given to the features of our Saviour all the gentle benignity of his character, while he extends his hands to the infant claimant of heaven, and seems to say, "Come to my bosom, there to be cradled till I replace you in your mother's arms."

A Madame Warner née Shipley, 1817.

POUR vous exprimer dignement
Le doux et tendre sentiment
Que votre mérite inspire,
Que ne puis-je emprunter au plus brillant auteur,
Ces vers légers, ces rimes fugitives,
Que le bon goût inscrit dans ses archives,
Et que chacun veut apprendre par cœur.
Pour égaler son talent enchanteur,
S'il ne fallait que le désir de plaire
Et le choix heureux du sujet,
Mes vers seraient dignes de leur objet,
Vous croiriez entendre Voltaire.

To change the colour of a Rose.

PLACE a fresh gathered rose in water as far as the stem will allow, then powder it over with fine rappee snuff, being careful not to load it too much—in about three hours, on shaking off the snuff, it will have become a green rose.

Whole-some Truth.

IT is wonderful how soon and how completely a finely organized mind adapts itself to inevitable circumstances of reverse, which would lead a blunted intellect to despair: the rough blasts of suffering are requisite to clear away the romantic haze through which the world is viewed; nothing renders us so independent in mind, as to have been ruined in fortune. We then learn the feeble hold we have on the mere sympathies of feeling of our kind, and that much which has appeared to spring from such causes, in fact has only been the result of mutual interests.

Sir Sidney Smith.

I CANNOT admit the belief, that the *Laurel* is a protection against thunder, for my gallant friend Sir Sidney Smith once related to me, that his life had been endangered during a thunder storm.

Written at the age of Eighty by Maucroix.

A. D. 1629.

CHAQUE jour est un bien que du Ciel je reçois:
Je jouis aujourdhui de celui qu'il me donne;
Il n'appartient pas plus aux jeunes gens qu'à moi;
Et celui de demain, n'appartient à personne.

The Prisoner of St. Helena.

IT is well known that to one of our most honoured countrymen, and most distinguished naval commanders was for a short period given the arduous and difficult charge of the prisoner of St. Helena, and that he was designated by Napoleon as "l'homme à la marche droite." Too often in other instances chafed and irritated by the method of his imprisonment, the ex-emperor did full justice to the gentlemanlike bearing of the officer, who, though equally strict in the faithful discharge of a painful duty, never forgot the courtesy and consideration due to misfortune.

IT has been often observed that nothing brings a little child to our recollection in a more affecting manner than the sight of its little shoes. Victor Hugo eloquently represents this fact, in his Notre Dame de Paris.

BRANTOME dit que du tems de François premier, une jeune personne ayant un amant babillard, lui imposa silence absolu et illimité, qu'il garda si fidelement deux ans entiers qu'on le crut devenu muet par maladie. Un jour en pleine assemblée sa maitresse se vanta de le guérir sur le champ, et le fit avec ce seul mot: Parlez!

Hopelessness.

I WAS once *hopeful*, but hope has gone out at last. It is perhaps better that it should be so: the first step towards bearing our fate becomingly, is to know it fully; and my mind must be made up to endure what it cannot prevent: after many a cruel struggle, *mind* may so far gain the mastery that no outward sign of the wounded heart, no token of the bruised spirit, shall be visible. Many learn at last to conceal the pangs they cannot stifle.

THE Coffee Tree was originally introduced from Arabia, brought from the Isle of France, to the Botanical Garden in Paris, a plant was sent from thence to Martinique; and in proof of the great estimation in which the acquisition was held, Mr. Desdieux, who had taken the charge of it, gave up his allowance of water to be employed for the plants, when the passengers in the ship were reduced to a ration, on account of a lengthened voyage.

A Portrait.

EVEN now, at three score years, that which forms the basis, or constitutes the soul of all true beauty was but little abated in her countenance; dignified graciousness of aspect, added to a gentle and lovely deportment.

A Key to the Thoughts.

EN marchant les gens qui pensent au passé regardent la terre, les gens qui pensent à l'avenir regardent au ciel, les gens qui pensent au présent regardent devant eux, les gens qui regardent du coté et d'autre ne pensent à rien.

CATO, as his aphorisms inform us, never repented but of two things, and the one was that he went a journey by sea when he might have gone by land.

IN the reign of Henry VIII. coals were only allowed for the King, Queen, and Lady Mary's chambers.

LE travail du corps délivre des peines de l'esprit, et c'est ce qui rend les pauvres heureux.

Old China.

LADY Wortley Montague says, she cannot forgive the disrespect of old china, which is below nobody's taste.

The indulgence of Providence.

DIEU est un grand reviseur de procès: nous ne voyons que les faits, mais Dieu voit les causes.

Les Assassins.

ENTRE Antioche et la ville de Tripoli, à l'orient de Tortose, il y a une plaine, dont l'étendue est de six milles de largeur, et de douze milles de longueur. Elle est terminée par des groupes de petites montagnes. Ces montagnes étaient habitées autrefois par un peuple qui se donnait le nom d'Arsacides, prétendant être descendus du fameux Arsace, fondateur de l'empire des Parthes, àpres la mort d'Alexandre. Ce peuple sorti, vers le septième siècle, des confins de Perse, vers Babylone vint former un petit état dans un coin de la Phénicie.—Ils s'y batirent des forteresses sur des rochers inaccessibles, d'où ils se rendaient redoutables à tous leurs voisins. Leurs brigandages et leurs assassinats leur firent donner le nom de *Buveurs de Sang*, qu'on changea bientôt en celui d'*Assassin*, à cause de leur arme favorite, le poignard, qu'on appelle en Persan *Hassisan*. Les Assassins élisaient eux-mêmes leur chef; il se nommait *le Vieux de la Montagne*, nom fameux dans les histoires de ce temps-là. Il portait ce nom, soit parceque le choix qu'on en faisait tombait toujours sur un des plus anciens de la nation, soit parcequ'il habitait un chateau nommé *Almeet*, ou *Alameet*, situé sur une haute montagne inattaquable.

Nos vieux historiens ont mal entendu l'Arabe: *Scheik* signifie le plus *vieux*, *senior*; mais il signifie aussi *Seigneur*. Il n'est pas vrai que les Assassins choissient pour Prince le plus ancien de la nation, il fallait donc traduire le *Seigneur* de la *Montagne*. Son empire sur ses sujets était si absolu, que fallait il commettre les actions les plus noires, ils étaient toujours prêts à les exécuter au premier signal qu'on leur faisait, et au péril de leur propre vie. On les accuse de l'assassinat de Louis de Bavière, en 1231, et d'avoir osé attenter à la vie de Saint Louis. Il parait étonnant qu'une si monstreuse tribu ait pu se maintenir pendant près de quatre cents ans: ce ne fut qu'en 1257 que les Tartares, sous leur roi Allan, ou Haloan, pour délivrer leur pays de si dangereux voisins entreprirent de massacrer leur chef et de les détruire; ce qu'ils exécutèrent.

Pausilippo

IS the name of a mountain in the kingdom of Naples, which is pierced through the middle, and forms a passage for travellers. This chasm, according to the popular notion, was effected by the magic of Virgil's Muse.

Gesner.

CONRAD GESNER died at Zurich in 1565, aged forty-nine. This great man, who had passed all his life in labouring for the benefit of literature at large, was seized with the plague, and finding his disorder incurable, was by his desire conveyed to his study, where he shortly expired. Thus, dying on the spot in which during his life he had composed his immortal works.

Futurity.

AS to what becomes of the soul after death, we may be very sure that not the apparent interval of an instant takes place between our loss of consciousness here, and our waking in the wide world of eternity. Even supposing that a hundred million of years were to elapse between the moment of our death, and the moment at which we are to rise to judgment, those long years would not seem to us more than the space of a minute. Time is an invention of our own, or at the utmost, is but marked by the consciousness of passing events; as soon as that consciousness is at an end to any one, time is annihilated also: whether judgment follows instantly upon death, or thousands of years intervene, we shall perceive no difference, and to us it will be immediate.

WHAT art thou, Death? that we should fear
The shadow of a shade;
What's in thy name that meets the ear
Of which to be afraid?

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,
But thou art rest and peace;
'Tis thou can make our terrors vain,
And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn
From out the wounded breast;
Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,
Thy pallet gives him rest.

Misfortune's sting, affliction's throes,
Detraction's pois'nous breath;
The world itself, and all its woes,
Are swallow'd up in death.

AMBERGRIS is made of the honey which abounds in the long mountains on the coast of Ajan; which being melted by the sun, and flowing into the sea, is thus congealed by the cold water. Hence we often see flies enclosed in pieces of amber.

Quinquina, or Peruvian Bark,

IS the bark of a tree found in the province of Quito, in America. The tree is of a moderate size; its leaves resemble those of a plum-tree, but have no medicinal power, nor has the wood. The gum which flows from the tree, and the seed which it produces, are equally efficacious in curing a fever with the bark itself. The Americans discovered the medicine in the year 1640. The properties of the bark were made known to the various parts of Europe by Cardinal de Lago and some other Jesuits, and thence has been called Jesuit's Powder.

Critique on David's Picture of the Deluge.

"A MODERN painter, certainly possessing very great talent, has attempted a picture of the Deluge. He has crowded into it a great many horrors, all very horrible; but the principal group will be sufficient.

"It consists of a family vainly endeavouring to escape from the surrounding destruction by climbing a rock in the foreground. The agonies of such a moment might have been expressed most touchingly, had the artist chosen to keep within the bounds of moderation: but no, he must out-Herod Herod; and conse-

quently, he has contrived to make one of the most dreadful situations the human mind can conceive actually ludicrous. The principal figure is that of a man, who, like pious Æneas, carries his father on his back, certainly not in the most elegant or picturesque attitude possible, while with one hand he pulls his wife up after him rather unceremoniously. The wife, for her part, suffers considerable inconvenience from a young gentleman behind, who, having a mortal aversion to being drowned, has got his mother fast hold by the hair, by means of which he almost pulls her head off her shoulders. The whole family are certainly not very comfortably situated, and in fact the old gentleman who is riding on his son's shoulders is the only one at all at his ease, and he appears to have a very good seat, and not to care much about it. Yet I have heard this picture lauded to the skies, both in France and England."

THE END.

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